National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its [illegible]

THE REVEREND MR. TREACLE.

Mr. Beecher,
Yankee preacher,
Is, just now, a London feature,
Sent, we're thinking,
By Abe Lincoln,
To become Brittania's teacher.

Excerations;
Ululations;
Yankee yelling; Pat's orations;
Menace frantic,
O'er the Atlantic
Stir not this most bland of nations.

Try new order,
Use soft sawder,
Praise Brittania, hymn her, laud her,
Reverend brother,
Call her Mother,
Soothe her, pat her, and applaud her.

From his master
Comes the pastor,
Casts aside the pepper-castor,
And stands cooing,
Suing, wooing,
Blister, bless you—poor man's plaister.

Wheedle, Beecher,
Gentle preacher,
All your wiles won't over-reach her,
Give instruction,
In egg-suction,
Granny knows all *you* can teach her.

—*Punch.*

APOLOGIES FOR NEGRO SOLDIERS.

THAT the negro is so "backward in coming forward," since the musket has been put into his hands, is a circumstance which perplexes the Radicals. For this lack of military zeal various explanations have been given, and doubtless many more will yet be given, before this part of the "forlorn hope" of the Republic is seen flocking in hot haste to her standards. One Radical says the negro lacks confidence in the stability of the anti-slavery policy of the Administration. Another declares that he is desirous of showing by his wonderful "moderation and prudence" that he does not possess the qualities that delight in insurrectionary barbarities. He would refute his calumniators by not betraying any unseemly haste in taking up arms against even his oppressors. Another Radical declares that the negro is kept back by his disaffection towards the "pro-slavery officers." And yet another tells us that he is waiting for Fremont to be appointed to the command of some important department in the South. Finally, we are informed by the Boston *Commonwealth*, Senator Sumner's organ, that Secretary Seward is the terrible "raw head and bloody bones" which stands in the way of these very fastidious patriots. "But for him," says *The Commonwealth* "our armies would be reënforced by thousands of loyal blacks." We do not see the force of this explanation. It may be luminous, but to us it is all darkness, like the other explanations which the Radicals have given for the failure of all their prophecies about the negro. The true explanation, we venture to suggest, may be inferred from this illustration: If a farmer plants poor seed, he will harvest a poor crop, no matter how propitious the season, nor how faithful his cultivation. No incidental causes will account for the failure of his crop. The trouble is with the seed, and that is trouble enough.

. . . At least 12,000 white men are now undergoing all the horrors of rebel prisons, and of starvation—because of negroes, and difficulties about exchanging a negro for a white man. The War Solicitor tells white soldiers, emphatically, there will be no more exchange of them, until the rebels put the negroes on a par of exchange.

The Times, of course, thinks this Whiting letter all right, and heartily endorses it.

> "This government would deserve to lose our confidence, if from any motive whatever, it failed to do its utmost to protect them (the negroes)."

Doubtless—but it is mighty hard, nevertheless, for the 12,000 poor white creatures in rebel prisons, and their brothers, and husbands, and mothers, and sisters at home. All this, however, comes from white men shirking off upon slaves the fighting white men could and would better do.—*New York Express.*

HON. GEORGE THOMPSON TO VISIT THE UNITED STATES.

BOSTON, Saturday, November 21.

The Liberator, of this city, announces that the Hon. George Thompson, the English Abolitionist, will soon revisit this country to congratulate his friends upon the improved aspect of affairs.

This "honorable" miscreant had better stay at home and spare us the loathing with which we shall receive his "congratulations." The ribald speeches of this tonguey spouter in his visits to this country in the early stages of the abolition agitation were equally remarkable for impertinence and for blasphemy. He is to come now, like a fiend, to gloat over the carnage which he and his abolition confederates have caused. "To congratulate his friends," forsooth! So might the witches in "Macbeth" have congratulated each other, when the hell-broth of their infernal cauldron took effect, and the ghost of the murdered Banquo rose to sear the eye-balls of those whose hands had been dipt in his blood. "On the improved aspect of affairs!" Nothing less than Abolitionists, or their black father, the Devil, could indulge in this satanic irony. "Improved aspect of affairs"—the fiendish wretch! When this notorious George Thompson, M.P., the paid emissary of the British Abolitionists, made his first visit to this country we were a united people. Our Churches, modeled on our political organization, had their general conventions, in which delegates from every State met in the spirit of Christian charity and brotherly love to consult on the common interests of their respective denominations. But this infamous libeler brought the torch of discord. These great Christian bodies were one by one torn asunder by dissensions, and the angry passions of men, released from Christian restraint, hurried them into a more intemperate sectional violence in politics than they had practiced in religion. The last time this spouting miscreant was here he complimented the American clergy by saying that "God in his anger had rained down upon the country ten thousand priests." Of the appropriate and peaceful fruits of the labors of a Christian priesthood he will now find little to complain of. Instead of these the land is drunk with fratricidal blood, and half our families are in mourning. Our Republican government, which was the light and boast of freemen, the hope and solace of the oppressed in all lands, is now engaged in a bloody struggle for its existence, and this heartless imp of Satan is coming across the ocean "to congratulate his friends on the improved aspect of affairs." Such are the tender mercies of abolitionism! With its hands dripping with blood, it raises them in diabolical thankfulness over the murderous desolation it has caused! A jollification by the Abolitionists, and an orgie of devils, would be equally appropriate, under the circumstances—and equally in character.—*New York World.*

GEORGE THOMPSON COMING.

WE learn by way of Boston that the notorious English Abolitionist George Thompson is about to revisit this country, to congratulate us (what bitter irony!) upon the felicitous stage of existence which the great Republic has reached, partly through the instrumentality of such demagogues as he, who began some twenty-five years, ago as an English emissary, to stir up among us the flames of Abolition hate, which have since been blown into a great and consuming conflagration.

But, by all means, let George Thompson come. He will get an enthusiastic welcome, we nothing doubt, in Boston, and all through New England.

We believe, also, that if he would go to Richmond, he would be received with open arms by the secessionists there, as a man who has done as much as any of them, in his own way, to break up the Union and plunge North and South into civil war.

The rebel Congress, soon about to meet at Richmond, will be ungrateful, indeed, if it does not resolve at once to invite him to their capital and tender him the hospitalities of the city, in token of their appreciation of his distinguished services, years gone by, in their cause.—*N. Y. Express.*

Selections.

HORRORS OF THE RICHMOND PRISONS.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF THE RELEASED SURGEONS.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Nov. 27, 1863.

We the undersigned Surgeons of the United States army, and recently prisoners in Richmond, Va., consider it our duty to publish a few facts that came to our knowledge while we were inmates of the hospital attached to Libby Prison.

We enjoyed for several months daily access to the hospitals where the sick and wounded among our Union soldiers received treatment. As a result of our observation, we hereby declare our belief that since the battle of Chickamauga, the number of deaths per diem has averaged fully fifty. The prevailing diseases are diarrhea, dysentery and typhoid pneumonia. Of late the per centage of deaths has greatly increased—the result of causes that have been long at work, such as insufficient food, clothing and shelter, combined with that depression of spirits brought on so often by long confinement. It may seem almost incredible, when we affirm of our personal knowledge that in the three hospitals for Union soldiers the average mortality is nearly 40 per day, and upon the most reliable testimony we are forced to believe that the deaths in the tobacco factories and upon the island will raise the total mortality among all the Union prisoners to 50 per day, or 1,500 monthly.

The extremely reduced condition of those brought from the island argues that hundreds quite sick are left behind, who with us would be considered fit subjects for hospital treatment. Such, too, is the fact as invariably stated by scores we have conversed with from that camp.

The same, to a degree, holds true of the prisoners in the city. It would be a reasonable estimate to put the number, who are fit subjects for hospitals, but who are refused admittance, at five hundred. A thousand are already under treatment in the three hospitals, and the Confederate surgeons themselves say the number of patients is only limited by the small accommodations provided. Thus we have over ten per cent. of the whole number of prisoners held classed as sick men who need the most assiduous and skillful attention. Yet in the essential matter of rations, they are receiving nothing but corn bread and sweet potatoes. Meat is no longer furnished to any class of our prisoners, except to the few officers in the Libby Hospital, and all sick or well officers or privates are now furnished with a very poor article of corn bread in place of wheat bread. This is very unsuitable diet for hospital patients prostrated with diarrhea, dysentery, and fever, to say nothing of the balance.

Startling instances of individual suffering and horrid pictures of death, from protracted sickness and semi-starvation, we have had thrust upon our attention.

The first demand of the poor creatures from the island was always for something to eat. Self-respect gone, hope and ambition gone, half-clad and covered with vermin and filth, many of them too often beyond all reach of medical skill. In one instance the ambulance brought sixteen to the hospital, and during the night seven of them died. Again, eighteen were brought and eleven of them died in 24 hours. At another time fourteen were admitted, and in a single day ten of them died. Judging from what we have ourselves seen and do know, we do not hesitate to say that, under a treatment of systematic abuse, neglect and semi-starvation, the number who are becoming permanently broken down in their constitutions must be reckoned by thousands. We leave it for others to say what is demanded by this state of things.

The Confederate daily papers in general terms acknowledge the truth of all we have affirmed, but usually close their abusive editorials by declaring that even such treatment is better than the invading Yankees deserve. *The Examiner*, in a recent article, begrudged even the little food the prisoners did receive, and the boxes sent to us from home, and closed by eulogizing the system of semi-starvation and exposure, as well calculated to dispose of us. All this is true, and yet cold weather has hardly commenced.

We are horrified when we picture the wholesale misery and death that will come with the biting frosts of Winter. Recently several hundred prisoners per day were being removed to Danville. In two instances we were standing in view of them as their ranks filed past. It was a sad sight to see the attenuated features and pallid faces of men a few months since robust and in vigorous health. Numbers were without health—numbers were without shoes—nearly all without blankets or overcoats, and not a man did we see who was well and fully clad.

But to the credit of the prisoners in Richmond, of all ranks, be it recorded that all along they have shown heroic fortitude under suffering, and spurning the idea that their government had forgotten them, they had held fast their confidence in the final and speedy success of our cause.

In addition to the above statement we wish it to be distinctly understood that the Confederate medical officers connected with the hospitals referred to—Surgeons Wilkins, Simmons and Sabal, and the Hospital Steward, Hallet—are not in any way, so far as our observation has extended, responsible for the state of things existing there; but, on the other hand, we are bound in justice to bear testimony to their kindness and the faithful performance of their duties with the limited means at their disposal.

(Signed) DANIEL MEEKER,
Surgeon United States Volunteers.
C. T. SIMPERS,
Assistant Surgeon Sixth Regiment Indiana Vols.
J. L. BROWN,
Asst. Surgeon One Hundred and Sixteenth O. V. I.
A. M. PARKER,
Assistant Surgeon First Maine Cavalry.

ADDITIONAL TESTIMONY.

From The Washington Chronicle, Nov. 27.

Last evening we paid a visit, at the Metropolitan Hotel, to Surgeons A. W. Whitney, of the Thirteenth Massachusetts, and A. V. Ketchum, of the Eighty-third New York regiments, who arrived in this city yesterday morning, released prisoners from Richmond and City Point, and from them obtained the highly interesting account we give of the condition of affairs at the seat of the rebel government.

Drs. Whitney and Ketchum were captured by the rebels at the Fitzhugh Hospital, Falmouth, on the 15th day of June. At that time there were some fifty patients at this hospital. One of these men had his leg amputated by Dr. Shippen of Philadelphia, and lay in a very critical condition, but neither the entreaties of the surgeons or of the men themselves could induce the rebels to leave them behind. This man was returned from Richmond a week after his capture, and, strange to say, notwithstanding the fatigue and hardship undergone by him in being conveyed to Richmond, he has entirely recovered from the effects of the operation, and is now well and hearty.

After the party arrived at Richmond, occurring at 10½ o'clock in the morning, they were obliged to stand in the streets three hours, exposed, as Dr. Whitney says, to one of the most scorching suns he ever stood under. The sick and wounded were then conveyed to Libby Prison in carts, jolting and jostling them in a fearful manner. Dr. Whitney remonstrated against the inhumanity of the act, and for this he was arrested by a man calling himself the Chief of Police, and taken before the Provost-Marshal, Mr. John Griswold, of Baltimore. Here the Major was stripped of his money, $360, and of his sword and sash. He was then sent to the Libby Prison, in command of Capt. Turner. The Doctor was told when his money was taken from him, that when he left the prison his money would be returned to him in kind. The fulfillment of this promise is yet to be realized by the Doctor.

The room in which the Surgeon was confined (the room allotted to officers) was in the third story of the building. This room already contained some two hundred. It was 100 feet in length and 43 feet in width by measurement. This room was in charge of Col. Straight. It is described by the Surgeon to be in a very cleanly condition when he first entered it, but this was owing to the attention of the officers, from whom a detail was appointed every day to keep it in order. If the cleanliness of the room did not meet with the approbation of the Inspector, the officers were punished, by depriving them of some article of food. Here the meals of the officers were cooked, one stove being allowed for the entire number. There were bunks in it, built of bare wood, for only one-half of the inmates. The remainder were obliged to lie upon the floor. One blanket was allowed to each officer—that is, if any were brought by them to the prison. More than this number fell into the hands of the rebel authorities. Those who were so unfortunate as to come unprovided were obliged to make out the best they could.

The Surgeon states that the *outhouse* provided for the use of the officers directly communicated with the room they occupied, and the condition of it (a room only eight feet square) was of the most disgusting and filthy character. The water furnished them was the muddy water of the James River, and the supply was at all times most deficient; so much so, that it was difficult to procure enough for cooking and drinking purposes, let alone that needed for the cleanliness of their persons.

When these Surgeons entered the prison, their rations consisted of one pound of beef a day (bones and all), and sixteen ounces of bread. The beef they were obliged to cook for themselves. Ten stoves were allowed for some three hundred and fifty men, one hundred and fifty of them in the story over where the officers were confined.

In the matter of rations, the Surgeons both state that the prisoners began to notice a deficiency after the middle of last month. Then the article of fresh beef was missing, making its appearance only about once every four days. *One pound of corn bread* was furnished them each day, with the usual accompaniment of *one sweet potato.* They were treated with the greatest contempt on every occasion—dogs could hardly be treated worse.

From the hearsay of these gentlemen, they suppose that about 10,000 prisoners are yet confined at Richmond, some 6,300 of them at Belle Island. The treatment of the prisoners at Belle Island is described to be of the most inhuman character.

In regard to the rations sent by the government to our prisoners there, these gentlemen state that the rebel government refused them, but the clothing was allowed to be distributed under the superintendence of Gen. Neal Dow; but this gentleman was suddenly removed from his position, and Capt. Forbes, of Gen. Bayard's cavalry, appointed in his stead. Our men are stated to be nearly naked, and confined in sheddings in which it is impossible to protect them from the inclemency of the weather.

These gentlemen left Richmond on the 24th inst., and, as we have stated before, arrived here yesterday morning. They were accompanied to City Point by Commissioner Ould, and delivered to our authorities on board the Convoy at the point named.

Major White, of Pennsylvania, attempted to escape with the Surgeons at City Point, but was detected by a telegram and sent back. In extenuation of his offence, the Major stated that he was endeavoring to get to the North for the purpose of effecting such arrangements as would insure the exchange of our starving prisoners. The Major was sent back to be confined in the dungeons dark and deep of the Libby.

From Surgeon John T. Luck, of the United States navy, we have also gained some interesting information, whose narrative we regret to be compelled to abridge. Dr. Luck is a citizen of Iowa, and a very intelligent gentleman. He was taken prisoner at Morris Island, on the 18th of July, while attending to our wounded on the battle-field. He was taken to Charleston and placed in the prisoner's hospital. He found a Union man on guard, who freely tendered him pecuniary aid. After twenty-four hours' residence there he was removed to Columbus, where he was confined for three months. The rations were sufficient. He had to fetch water from the city daily, and met with many Union men. There were also many ladies of Union sentiments. The men who were conscripted were of all classes, from sixteen to sixty, and their appearance was most forlorn. Exchanged, he returned by way of Wilmington, N. C. Arriving at the Libby Prison on the morning of Nov. 14, he found one thousand officers confined in seven rooms, 40 feet by 100 feet each, without blankets or bedding, left to shift for themselves as best they might. There were no fires in the building, and half the windows were without glass. The best rations they ever had consisted of three-quarters of a pound of wheat bread, one-fourth of a pound of fresh beef, and two ounces of rice. Subsequently corn bread was substituted for wheat bread, and quite often they had no rice or beef, and but two or three small sweet potatoes. For several days, during the last few weeks of his imprisonment, they received nothing but three-fourths of a pound of corn bread in twenty-four hours. The men confined at Belle Island were brought over to the Libby Prison absolutely starving, and others, as they passed on their way to receive some food, would seize any scraps thrown out to them like so many hungry wolves. Just before Dr. Luck left they had received rations from the Federal government. Dr. Luck remained two weeks in the Libby Prison. The Confederate authorities took all the money from the prisoners, and allowed them small amounts at a time. The payments to them were always made in Confederate money. They were assured, however, that the balance of their money would be sent after them.

COPPERHEAD HORROR OF NEGRO SOLDIERS.

From The Springfield Republican.

IN the discussion upon a bill for recruiting negroes, in the Connecticut Legislature last week, several highly amusing speeches were made by Copperhead Democrats. The speeches of W. W. Eaton and Henry A. Mitchell, as printed conspicuously in the Hartford *Times*, were the richest of the lot. Mr. Easton's horror of an armed negro is tremendous. No scared child ever talked more fearfully about ghosts. The most common and the most reasonable objection to negro soldiers is that they are too timid and submissive to make good soldiers; but Mr. Eaton holds quite the opposite opinion. He thinks the negro too ferocious to be trusted with weapons; he will fight too much, and the South will be desolated by the rapine and lust of the negro troops. Hence he denounces the bill for their enlistment as Connecticut volunteers as vile, disgraceful, cowardly and everything else that is bad, and declares it would be more honorable in Connecticut to call to her aid the Comanche Indians, and send them to ravage and slay through the South. So utterly shocked and horrified is he by the contemplation of the scene of blood and cruelty conjured up by his excited fancy, that he prays the legislature for God's sake to forbear, and at least to postpone the negro soldier bill to another session. If they will he will do all he can to promote enlistments, much as he is opposed on principle to civil war; nay he is ready almost to say that he will shoulder a musket and go himself, if Connecticut will keep back the negro.

All this horror of negro soldiers is cheap stuff. There is no sincerity in it. There is nothing in the facts of the case to justify it. It is the testimony of all our commanders who have been brought into contact with the negro troops now in the service, that they show a wonderful adaptation to military drill and discipline, and that they come much nearer the European ideal of a perfect soldier—an unreasoning and obedient human machine—than American white men can possibly do. Nor have they shown any disposition to commit acts of cruelty or revenge. On the contrary, the chief difficulty is to inspire them with animosity enough to make them fight in earnest. As to Mr. Eaton's favorite comparison of the negro with the Comanche wielding his bloody tomahawk, and slaughtering innocent women and children, when he can mention instances of cruelty committed by negro soldiers half as diabolical as those daily committed by his white friends in the South upon our own brave volunteers who have had the misfortune to fall into their hands, he will have a right to lift his hands in pious horror and protestation. But Mr. Eaton is also magnanimous and chivalric as well as humane, and he declares it cowardly to employ negroes in this white man's war. He puts too fine a point upon it altogether. The negro has an interest in the war, and cannot be got out of it. Mr. Eaton's Southern brethren lugged him in. They made the war, as they say, in order to maintain their right to enslave and whip the negro, which they falsely pretended was threatened by the North, and Eaton is one of the demagogues who helped to propagate that lie, and so to fire the Southern heart up to revolutionary heat. If they had got up the rebellion on any other pretense, the government would have had a perfect right to employ black men to put it down. The only question for the government, as for any reasonable and loyal citizen, is, whether the negro will fight—whether he will fight enough to pay expenses. If so, there is no shadow of valid objection to his use, and the Copperheads know it. All their talk about the cowardice and inhumanity of employing negro soldiers is mere bosh, and poor at that. It comes only from demagogues, and is meant for the ears of fools.

COLORED SOLDIERS IN TOWN.

From The Tribune, November 27.

NEW YORK City, so recently the theatre of mob violence, in which hatred of the negro seemed to be the uppermost idea—this city, so long considered free from the intrusion of colored troops, and the only place in the loyal States where it was possible to raise a spirit of opposition to them, has extended its hospitality to the 2d Regiment of the United States Colored troops. This well-organized regiment reached the Park Barracks on Wednesday evening, receiving the same rations and attentions given to our white volunteers, and remained here until yesterday afternoon, when they formed in line and marched to the boat provided for their passage to New-Orleans. The [illegible], numbering nearly 1,000, marched through the streets on a holiday without meeting any manifestations of hostility; they stacked their arms in front of the City Hall, where Gov. Seymour so lately addressed his "friends"; they performed guard duty day and night; they swarmed in the Park in the presence of a vast multitude of white spectators; they were waited upon by the corps of white men in the employment of the victualing contractor without objection. The officers in charge of the regiment are men of education and character, whose courage and loyalty have been proved on the field of battle; and although two-thirds of their men were slaves but a few months ago, the officers are proud of their skill in the use of arms. Gen. Casey declared publicly that these negro soldiers would not suffer in comparison with any white regiment having no more experience and advantages than they have had. Their remarkable powers of imitation, their habits of obedience, their natural love of display, and the recognition of their manhood by accepting their services, tend to make them good soldiers. Among these black volunteers are several men who have left lucrative employments to fight for their country. Many of them can read and write, and all are truly patriotic and anxious to prove their manhood and courage in the face of the foe. They believe that slavery is the rebellion, and they are inspired with the idea that they are commissioned by Providence to strike a blow for the redemption of their brethren in bonds. Three months ago they would have been torn in pieces by an infuriated mob; to-day they receive the fullest toleration and hearty encouragement in the very streets so recently stained with the blood of their brethren. "The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

—Some of the New-Jersey Copperheads assured the officers that they would have to fight their way through the streets of New York; and were informed in reply that the predictions of peace traitors and secessionists could not intimidate them, for they could very soon put themselves in an attitude of self-defense, and they only regretted that they could not have been here with their troops at the time of the riot. Near the ferry at Jersey City a person in the uniform of a military officer came up to Adjutant E. B. Tracy and insulted him because he was associated with negroes in the service of his country, and was promptly knocked down by the Adjutant for his insolence. His blackened eye and battered face will advertise for several days to come his indiscreet exhibition of colorphobia. His name and the nature of the offense for which he was so justly and promptly punished, have been telegraphed to the authorities at Washington.

From The Times:

HAM IN UNIFORM.—The first regiment of negro soldiers that has appeared in this city was encamped yesterday in front of the City Hall. The regiment was from Washington, and the negroes were mostly of the Maryland stock. The fighting capacity of the men really appeared to be excellent. In stature they were smaller than the average of white regiments; in complexion, they were generally quite dark. In *style*, they did not quite equal some of our fancy holiday regiments; but for hard, serviceable work in the trenches, on the march, or in the field, they seemed to have spirit and intelligence, as well as muscle. Many thousands of people visited the place where they were encamped during the day, and instead of jeers or violence toward the black *doula* of their country, there were almost universal expressions of admiration and applause.

THE CONTRAST AND CHANGE.

To the Editors of The Evening Post.

On the 9th day of July last a few persons met at the New England Rooms, in Broadway. The question was submitted to them as to the expediency of marching the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts colored regiment, on its way to Newbern, across the city from the East river to the North river, where it was to take the transports. After a full discussion it was decided—the feelings of all present one way, but their judgments the other—to advise that the regiment be not landed here, but go by way of sea from Boston, as their presence might excite the sensibilities of the friends of Seymour.

On the 13th of July the friends of Seymour commenced their work of hunting, robbing and murdering our colored population, and they had a good time for four days; it was costly to them, and the Seymour majority was much reduced by the properly applied arguments to them of lead and locust. Many of the blacks left and joined regiments in other States, making it necessary for this State to fill up its quota with white men, as Gov. Seymour was careful of the lives of the blacks, unless taken by the hands of his friends.

Now for the change. A black regiment was encamped in the Park yesterday, and all was quiet. Gov. Seymour, who, like Pharaoh, "would not let people go," is now willing that the blacks shall go.

To prevent the misapprehensions which will be caused by the misstatements of the Copperhead press as to the few that will be raised of blacks now they are at liberty to enlist, I would state that the entire black population of this State is under fifty thousand, and that one out of seven is as many as could be found in any country fit to serve as soldiers. This would create but seven regiments in all, and from that number must be deducted those who fled to avoid the tender mercies of the friends of Seymour.

G. W. B.

PRO-SLAVERY ABUSES IN THE ARMY.

From The Principia.

WE have seen and conversed with the writer of the following and have full confidence in his statements:

RICHMOND, Me., Nov. 12th, 1863.

Having served in the volunteer service nearly two years, in the Department of the Gulf, 19th Army Corps (13th Me. Vol.), I thought I would send you a few thoughts and incidents, for publication in your valuable paper. We landed on Ship Island, about March 20th, 1862, and remained there until about the 9th of July following, when a part of us were ordered to Fort St. Philip. Two companies were left at Ship Island, one company at Fort Pike, and one at Fort Macon. I found them, for the most part, both officers and men, most intensely pro-slavery. I gave them my views, so far as I had intercourse with them, and they were very much offended. We had quite exciting times, for upwards of eight months, while we were at Fort St. Philip.

I was detailed, with about twenty others, to go up the river, some 40 miles, *on a government plantation, as guards*, where we were under command of Lieut. Enoch Foster, of Company H. Here I had some little trial of my faith. We were ordered, among other things, not to hold any conversation with the laborers on the plantations. I had several discussions with the Lieutenant on the slavery question, and finally the overseer and Lieut. Foster came into our quarters one day, and commenced on me in good earnest. I turned to the overseer and said to him, "What we object to is this; it is legislating man into a thing, and destroying his manhood, and ranking him with goods and chattels, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever. This is what we say is sin against God, and a crime against man." The overseer left immediately, and the Lieutenant in a few minutes after. *I was arrested soon after, for reading the President's proclamation of Jan. 1st., 1863, to the colored people*, one Sunday, and talking with them, and giving the overseer some advice. I was punished, by Lieut. E. Foster, by being obliged to wear a barrel, and march under guard, for seven or eight hours, and finally, after being put under arrest several times for talking with the colored people, was allowed to go down to the Fort.

After remaining at the Fort upwards of 3 months, we were ordered to the City of New Orleans, and from thence to Lakeport, five miles out of the city; one company, and the rest of the regiment, in different parts of the city. I had a chance to talk with the Custom-House officers, and they said "*the great difficulty in the progress of the war was the appointment of pro-slavery men as officers in the Federal army. They worked right against the interest of the Union men of the State of Lousiana, and said they thought if we had anti-slavery men for officers, the war would have ended a year ago.*" I told them I thought so too. Thus we have the strange anamoly of pro-slavery men fighting slaveholders. No wonder they do not fight any better than they do, as it is friends fighting friends, having little or no heart in the work before them.

Strange it is that our government cannot see the evil, and apply the remedy. I have tried to show the colored people their rights, and how to get them, advising them to enlist, and fight for Union and Liberty, and if our officers would not let them do that, not to enlist at any rate, for it was of no benefit to any of us, to fight for Union and slavery. . . .

ENOCH HOYT.

APPEAL FOR THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.

[At a Convention of Colored Citizens of Kansas, lately held at Leavenworth, the following address, written by the man whose signature it bears, was adopted.]

CITIZENS of Kansas, we appeal to you on a subject dear to us. We ask of you the right of suffrage. We ask of you calmly to consider the reasons which we shall present, in vindication of our right to the boon which we claim at your hands, and of the propriety of granting our request.

In asking you to grant us the elective franchise, we are not asking you to tread in unknown paths, or depart from the spirit of American institutions. We only ask you to return to the old ways and the *true* spirit of the government.

This government was founded in the interest of Freedom, the founders thereof appeal to the fundamental principles of Liberty, Justice and Equality, as their warrant for what they did. We therefore hold that to deprive any portion of the *native* population of this country of so essential a right as that of suffrage, is to do violence to the genius of American institutions, and is a departure from the aims of the illustrious founders of the republic.

To prove that you have departed from the faith and *practices* of your forefathers, we have only to call your attention to the fact that at the commencement of the present century, colored men voted in nearly all of the States—slave as well as free. It is only within the last thirty-five years that colored men have been deprived of the *right* to vote in North Carolina and Tennessee.

We mention these facts to disprove the *lie* that demagogues have so often asserted, that this government was instituted *exclusively* for white men, and to vindicate the sincerity of the fathers, when they said they labored for all men, by showing that their *practices* accorded with their professions.

Nor was this government founded exclusively by white men, as is often falsely asserted. The Tree of American Liberty, whose spreading branches now overshadow a continent, germinated in a soil watered with the blood of black as well as white men. That black men do not now enjoy the rights for which their ancestors in common with yours fought, is their misfortune, but your reproach.

The white majority, corrupted by unexampled prosperity, and forgetful that "the ways of righteousness are the ways of peace," have abused their power to the extent of not only depriving the black minority of the rights of citizenship, but too often of rights common to humanity.

This professedly Christian nation has in its practice fallen far short of the [illegible] of the old Heathen Philosopher of Greece that "that government is best where a wrong done to the meanest citizen is an insult to the whole State."

But in the Providence of God the injustice of nations, as of individuals, brings its punishment. The annals of mankind, red with the blood of slaughtered nations, is mainly but a record of their errors and consequent punishment.

This nation has long turned a deaf ear to the cry of the black man, till at last his wail, unheeded on earth, was heard in Heaven. Heaven's answer is seen in a land rent in twain by civil war and drenched in fraternal blood; in ruined cities, wasted fields, and desolated homes; in the tears of parents, who mourn their sons untimely slain; in the agony of widowed wives, whose husbands now sleep the sleep that knows no waking; in the silent sorrow and hidden tears of many a beauteous maiden, whose betrothed one shall ne'er return, to bring gladness to her heart, and illumine her countenance with the light of love.

Happily the nation's conscience, schooled by misfortune, is becoming aroused to the necessity of repairing the many wrongs which it has inflicted on the black man.

In the progress of this war, destructive of so many prejudices and fruitful of so many new ideas, it will doubtless be discovered that it is as necessary to make the black man a voter, as it was to make him a soldier. He was made a soldier to RESTORE the Union. He must be made a voter to PRESERVE IT.

How else can you restore the Union on any durable basis? If left in exclusive possession of the machinery of the State governments, will not the white population of the seceded States, humiliated by defeat, estranged beyond hope of reconciliation, burning for revenge, and maddened by the recollection of a thousand injuries, suffered and inflicted, seek to renew the strife on the first opportunity, when, perhaps, the nation is engaged in a foreign war of gigantic proportions.

The restoration of the Union and the elevation of the black man will go hand in hand. The nation will need the black man to vote for her; therefore it will make him a voter. Besides, the right of suffrage will be necessary to the protection of the black population of the seceded States.

Nor would a just and magnanimous nation leave its devoted though humble adherents to be the victims of oppressive and revengeful legislation, by the still haughty though conquered slave oligarchy of the South.

We therefore have no doubt that in a few years colored men will vote in all of the now seceded States, as they did in North Carolina, Maryland and Tennessee, in the earlier and better days of the republic. And shall Kansas lag behind when the question is one of freedom? Kansas, child of freedom, and prize of many a well fought field!

Kansas, born in the throes of a mighty conflict for liberty and justice, will not, can not, prove recreant to the great principles that stood her sponsors at the baptismal font, and still claim the obedience of their child. Citizens of Kansas, there is not a cowardly time-server, malignant Copperhead, or hateful Border Ruffian, still lingering in and polluting your State, who will not oppose the granting of our request. The question for your consideration is, whether you will take counsel of your enemies to the prejudice of your friends, however humble they may be. We say, "take not counsel from thine enemies." They will exclaim, "What, will you grant to ignorant negroes, just escaped from slavery, the dearest right of the freeman—a right that requires so much intelligence for the proper exercise thereof!" The argument predicated upon the general want of intelligence among the colored population of Kansas might at first sight seem weighty; but a good cause was never lost because it could not be defended by the *best* reasons.

The argument that black men should not vote, because ignorant, is met by the observation that many ignorant white men vote, the want of intelligence among them not working a forfeiture of a *natural* and *inherent* right. We contend that *our* right to vote is natural and inherent; resting it upon the fact of our being born in this country, and upon the form of government under which we live. While we mainly rest our claims on the immutable principle of right and justice, yet there are other and weighty considerations of public policy, which may be urged in favor of extending to the black population *generally* the elective franchise.

The political equilibrium has been destroyed and the politics of this country corrupted to an alarming degree by an ignorant and alien mass of voters, alien alike in birth, religion, and habits of thought. Corrupt, they have corrupted. Brutal, they have brutalized. Acting as a unit, they have disturbed the balance of parties, and elevated to the Presidency men distinguished only for cunning and subserviency to the Slave Power.

It is the conviction of every thoughtful mind that in the future, as in the past, this disturbing element will be the prize for which demagogues will contend, mutually corrupting each other to the ill of the nation and the reproach of republican institutions. Should the right of suffrage be extended to the black population, a counterpoise will be found to this disturbing element, no argument being necessary to convince all that the blacks will vote *en masse* on the side of Liberty, Union and the supremacy of the General government.

A knowledge of the good use they will make of the right when acquired will silence the objections of every truly loyal and patriotic man. It is a knowledge of the noble uses to which they will apply their newly acquired rights, that embitters the opposition of corrupt and disloyal men, men now seeking the ruin of their country to the end that they may the more completely run riot in their hatred of liberty and justice. But you will not receive your inspirations from the depraved and the disloyal.

You will reflect that our misery is not necessary to your happiness. That your rights can never be secure whilst ours are denied. That if you would propitiate the good genii of liberty, at whose benignant smile deserts bloom, you must worship her in spirit and in truth. Remember that as in architecture, that building is most secure whose base is broadest, so in politics, that government is most permanent, whose base rests on the broadest foundation of justice and liberty. We beg you to condemn that atheistical and brutal dogma that "might makes right." Power creates duties. The fact that we are weak, and you are strong, so far from justifying you in oppressing us, only multiplies our claims on you. With nations, as with individuals, duties are measured by capacities.

In conclusion, we ask you to remember that out of a population of 7,000, we have furnished 2,000 soldiers to the army of the government, now seeking by the stern arbitrament of the sword to vindicate the offended majesty of the laws, and preserve intact the unity of the nation. The soldiers are acknowledged, by universal acclaim, to be equal to any in the great essentials of the soldier; obedience, aptitude for discipline, and courage in the presence of danger. They, emulous of the just renown of the white soldiers of Kansas, have confronted danger with equal hardihood, bearing the banner of their country proudly aloft, full in the front of battle, encircling it with a wall of living fire, and hedging it about with gleaming bayonets.

No cowardice on *their* part has caused it to trail in the dust or dimmed its glories. Kansas, which took the lead in arming black men, has no more devoted soldiers, nor will she ever have just cause to blush for her "Iron-clads."

Citizens of Kansas, shall your black veterans return victorious from the war, proud of dangers past, of many toils cheerfully borne, and of honorable scars bravely won, to find themselves still denied the rights of a manhood so nobly vindicated?

O, men of Kansas, let it not be. We say, MEN of Kansas, *you* who rescued her virgin soil, long betrothed to freedom, from the clutches of the Slave Power. You who have so often vanquished in battle and chased from your State the Border Ruffians of Missouri—brutal offspring of a civilization oppressed by slavery. You who have done so much for liberty will not stop now, appalled by prejudices derived from slavery and sole heritage of its hateful rule in Kansas.

No! still obedient to the voice of liberty and honor, you will continue to lead the reign of progress. You will not stop to listen to the voice of slavery, whilst yet your soil is wet with blood of martyrs, slain in defence of liberty; whilst the cries of bereaved widows and orphaned children still ascend to Heaven from the smouldering ruins of your citadel of freedom, whilst there still live among you dishonored matrons and attainted maidens to cry aloud against the brutal lust of slavery. If there are any still enchained by the hateful spirit of caste, we beg you to take counsel of your courage, and conquer your prejudices. Anticipate the fruition of time, and grant us to-day, what you will certainly grant us in a few short years at most.

Listen not to the voice of *expediency*, which in a contest for great principles too often

"Like a deadly blight
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
Blasting them in their hour of might."

JOHN H. MORRIS,
Chairman of Committee on Address.

FREMONT'S REVENGE.

From The St. Louis Democrat.

THE country will not forget that it was John C. Fremont who first declared the doctrine of emancipation of slave property as a penalty for the treason of the master. His Missouri proclamation was the first official recognition of slavery's accountability for the rebellion. It treated the institution as a rebel. That proclamation was disapproved at the time of its appearance by the President of the United States, and has been the occasion of not a little animadversion towards its author, on the part of political opponents, ever since. The pro-slavery Democracy will never forgive Fremont that step, and unquestionably the act has proven no inconsiderable stumbling-block in his path, on account of the personal hostilities it has engendered. But at last in his case, as in every case in which a sound principle is enunciated, the vindication has come. Time proves an unfailing champion of the right. Fremont to-day has his revenge in the order issued for application in Missouri, by Gen. Schofield, in pursuance of regulations "approved and ordered by the President." This order goes the full measure of Fremont's proclamation, and a step beyond. The order provides:

First. That no person who is, or has been engaged in rebellion against the government of the United States, or who has in any way given, or shall give aid or comfort to the enemies of the government, shall be awarded any compensation for the services of any slave enlisted into the service of the United States.

Second. That no compensation shall be awarded for the services of any slave who has *at any time*, during the present rebellion, belonged to any person who has been in rebellion, or given aid or comfort to the enemies of the government.

It will thus be seen that the President has at last taken a step which is the same in principle with Fremont's famous order, and which by the terms of the new order is made to cover the very cases to which Fremont's, at the time of its preparation, was directed. Thus is Fremont's much abused proclamation vindicated by the same tribunal which passed original sentence of condemnation upon it, in the very letter of its declaration. No little personal gratification must this fact afford Gen. Fremont. Being among those who gave his proclamation a hearty indorsement from the first, and never having ceased to advocate its principles since, we hail the confirmation it has received as a triumph well worthy of congratulation—being no less than the tribute tardy justice awards to that courage, which always suffers, and sometimes falls, as it pioneers truth through the conflict to victory.

THE MISSOURI CONSERVATIVES CAUGHT.

THE Conservatives in Missouri have for some time past claimed to be the peculiar friends of Mr. Lincoln and his Administration; the Radicals, they said, were opposed to the government and its policy, and were not to be trusted in the direction of affairs. In the late senatorial contest these Conservatives avowed that they sought no other end than the election of men who would give the Administration a cordial support against all schemes whatever of "the radical disorganizers." Weary of this incessant hobbling of the Conservatives, the Radicals determined to test the sincerity of the professions so boisterously made, and accordingly on the 17th instant the following resolution was introduced in the House of Representatives:

> Resolved, By the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring therein, That General Order No. 135, authorizing the enlistment of all able-bodied negroes, whether free or slave, meets with the cordial approbation of this General Assembly, and we regret that its publication has been delayed until the recent election seemed to warrant that it would meet with the general approval of loyal men, and we would urge upon the General government the propriety of establishing recruiting offices, especially in the Sixth, Eighth and Ninth Congressional districts, to aid in carrying out said order.

A bombshell could not have occasioned a greater sensation than this harmless resolution. It had scarcely been read when a score of Conservatives leaped to their feet with objections. One moved to reject, another a call of the House, a third to lay on the table, and so on through the whole gamut of parliamentary devices. The "peculiar friends of the Administration" shrunk from a practical, honest test of their professions. They were not in favor of the government and its policy; their ostentatious pretence was pricked in a moment, and the whole fabric fell limp and shrivelled to the ground. On a vote to suspend the rules, fifty-nine members declared in the affirmative; but this not being two-thirds of the whole House, the resolution was laid over to come up some other time. Every member who voted against a suspension of the rules, in order that the resolution might be read a second time, voted a week ago for the Copperhead candidates for the United States Senate. All, doubtless, would vote to-morrow to restore slavery over every rod of Missouri soil, and become themselves catchers of slaves and patrons of traitors, if thereby the removal of the curse could be stayed.—*Eve. Post.*

DAMNABLE REVELATION!—CAIRO A SLAVE MART.

A Cairo correspondent of the Des Moines (Iowa) *Register* makes some startling revelations relative to the villainous practices of certain officials at Cairo, who have been engaged in nothing less than selling contrabands into slavery. The revelations are contained in a letter from Col. Shaw, in command at Columbus, to Gen. Hurlbut. Col. Shaw says he became satisfied that the superintendent of contrabands at Cairo, one Yocum, was engaged in selling negroes to be taken into Kentucky, and his investigations in conjunction with the Provost Marshal of the district, resulted in establishing the fact. Yocum was detected in selling a negro boy to two Kentuckians for $50. The parties were arrested and confessed their guilt. Yocum charges that Rev. Mr. Rodgers, chaplain of contrabands, had sold no less than eleven negroes into slavery! Col. Shaw charges Gen. Buford, in command at Cairo, as being in collusion with these slave-traders, and says that when Yocum was arrested, Buford organized a sham commission to try him, which found him guilty, and sentenced him to continue as superintendent of contrabands for three months without pay! The Colonel thinks that at the rate Yocum has done business, he will make "a good thing of it" yet, even at that. He further states that one John Atchers stole a contraband belonging to Cairo, carried him South into the rebel lines, and sold him. Returning, he reported to Gen. Buford, and was allowed to go free on taking the oath of allegiance. Col. Shaw, however, had Atchers arrested tried by military commission, and sentenced to ten years hard labor, which sentence was approved by Gen. Hurlbut. One of the parties who bought the negro boy states that it is a very common occurrence for negroes to be kidnapped in Cairo and vicinity, and taken into Kentucky.

Gen. Buford denies to Gen. Hurlbut any knowledge of these villainous transactions, and prefers a charge against Col. Shaw, of "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman."—*Western Transcript.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1863.

Pennsylvania Annual Meeting.—The Twenty-sixth Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on Saturday, the 5th of December, at 10 o'clock, a.m. A full attendance of members and friends is earnestly requested. James Mott, President.

J. M. McKim, Cor. Sec.

THE CLAIMS OF THE CONTRABANDS.

The Northern States have always boasted, and with reason, of their care of the education of their children, and of the good effects which are seen everywhere in our history of this wise provision. There can be no doubt that the foundation of our free commonwealths rests upon education, just as those of the slave States corner themselves upon slavery. But the North, grown up to manhood, long since emancipated from the school, has been receiving a new and thorough education for the last two years and a half, and we are happy to believe that it is profiting by the same. The war has been a stern schoolmaster, strict in its demands, cruel in its chastisements, but it is working out its due effects on the minds and characters of its pupils, which alone can make its tasks and its punishments tolerable. The change which it has made for the better in the opinions and feelings of the people of the free States is truly marvellous; and it is so great that we have good reason to be confident that they will bring forth fruits corresponding to the culture that has been bestowed upon them. The effect of the war has been to sharpen the intellect and to make more acute the moral sensibilities of the Northern people. It has taught them to feel the mischiefs which have flowed from slavery as the main source of all our woes, and to apply their minds to devise remedies for them, in the various shapes they have assumed. A brave general officer, who went into the war a Bell and Everett man, to fight against the rebels and not for the slaves, candidly expressed his own conversion to the anti-slavery cause, at a very early day, and his conviction that just as many Abolitionists would come back from the Southern country as we sent soldiers down into it. His experience has been that of hundreds of thousands, though not all as well worked out as his. The more the armies see of slavery, and of the rebels which slavery has created, the more clearly is the connection and dependence of the one upon the other perceived, and the better prepared are they to help in its final destruction as a means essential to the end for which they are fighting. This is sure to be the case if the rebels will only persist in their demands of Independence and Slavery, and not come down to propositions of Union and Slavery. And, if Congress be wise and vigorous in its action, it will soon be equally certain, whether they do or not.

The change of opinion which the war has wrought in the army and the country as to the character and capacity of the black race, is one of the most extraordinary of all. The war began with all the pro-slavery prejudice against the negroes which had been ingrafted into the American nature by the very establishment of slavery originally, which had been carefully cultivated, and had grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. The country and the army were full of it, and it cropped out in the orders of McClellan, of Patterson, and even of Butler, at the beginning. But Butler soon saw the error of his ways, as a military man, and he inaugurated the new style of policy towards the slaves of rebels, for whose benefit he enriched the English language with a new word. Though the negroes were ill-treated enough for a long time, they compelled the regard of all intelligent soldiers by the readiness they showed to take care of themselves and help those who gave them little more than rations and hard work. The readiness with which field-hands were converted into good seamen, the best boats-crews in the service as a Commodore on the Hampton Roads Station himself assured us, showed that they were by no means the unteachable brutes they were said to be by their taskmasters. Then came the occupation of the Sea Islands, and the astonishing results there produced by the wise direction of Free Labor. And these results were the more extraordinary because the negroes who brought them about stood upon a lower plane of intelligence than those of the other parts of the slave country. From their isolation they had comparatively little admixture of white blood in their veins, and less of that friction of mind with mind which sharpens the intelligence of the blacks of regions of country more favorable for communication with one another. And then followed the experiment, happily no longer such, of making soldiers of them. This was at once a deed of manumission and a course of education to them. And they have shown themselves worthy of the one by the good use they have made of the opportunities of the other. We have the assurance of intelligent officers from the South Carolina coast, that the prejudice against the black troops is absolutely extinct. They have fairly fought their way to a place by the side of their white fellow-soldiers which is willingly accorded to them. And this, we are told, is the case on the Mississippi, where the *Corps d'Afrique* is organizing. This is surely a school of Mutual Instruction, in which it is hard to say which class of pupils derives the most benefit from the instruction and example of the others. It will be potential in bringing to pass the final order which is to grow out of our confusions.

This mighty revolution, which is going forward in the rebel country occupied by our armies, like all revolutions, is attended with evils inevitably incidental to such a convulsion. These were felt in the Sea Islands, but were soon wisely provided for and guarded against for the future. On the Mississippi the disorganization of the old state of society is still more radical, from the abstraction of the able-bodied men from the field of labor for that of battle, without the previous preparation which had smoothed the way to that measure about Port Royal. A large body of women, children and infirm persons are thus suddenly taken out of their old ways of labor and claims for support, and at the same time deprived of the able-bodied fathers, sons and brothers who might have won bread for them. In consequence of this state of things, a deplorable amount of suffering has ensued, which is likely to increase as the colder weather comes on. This creates a necessity for speedy relief and a claim to it. In the greatness of the distress the generals commanding in those departments have authorized excellent and faithful men to visit the North and ask for the help necessary to mitigate its intensity. A very large sum is stated to be required for this purpose—not less, we believe, than a million or a million and a half of dollars. This sum, or any other necessary for the purpose, must be had, for these innocent sufferers must be provided for. It strikes us, however, that the main weight of so heavy a burden should fall upon the shoulders of the nation at large. It should be rateably distributed over the whole country, to every one of us his share, by Congressional appropriation. In view of the vast amount contributed from private means to the several cause, through the Sanitary Commission, the Soldier's Aid Associations, and the like, besides the continual demands for individual help growing out of the war, and all this in addition to the increased weight of taxation—in view of all these things, it seems to us neither just nor possible that so great a work should be left to private liberality. These are the poor of the nation. They have been reduced from their former deep of sordid poverty to a lower depth of actual want, and this, mainly, through the necessary action of the nation, through the government. The nation, through the government, is therefore bound to provide for their present necessities, and for such an organization of labor as shall prevent the recurrence of them. Until this can be done, voluntary contributions should be made for the supply of their immediate wants. We trust that Congress will give this deed of simple justice the precedence in all its action this month. We cannot believe that it will be refused or delayed.

No time should be lost in taking away this reproach from our national character, inasmuch that we may be sure that none will be lost in making the most of it by our enemies at home and abroad. Already *The Journal of Commerce* is exulting over this state of things as the proof that its predictions as to the incompetency of the negroes to take care of themselves, and the necessity they are under of having a master over them. And our foreign enemies will soon take up the chorus, and send back the refrain to us from across the Atlantic. As if it were a proof of anything of the kind, that helpless and dependent human beings should suffer want, when their natural protectors and supporters are taken from them! As well might they argue, and much better, that the rebellion was a failure, from the admitted distress of women and children even in Richmond, as set forth in the Richmond *Examiner*. Distress is a painful but an inevitable concomitant of war, and especially of civil war. But in this case it is the distress of our friends, occasioned, in part at least, by our own necessary action; and as it is in our power, so it is our duty, to provide for it, by a rational provision. In the meantime, until the proverbial slowness of public bodies can be overcome, let there be liberal givings to take off the first edge of cold and hunger from these innocents. It is no small advance in our national education that we have done what calls for this bounty—or rather this justice—and that the duty of affording it seems to be so generally recognized. But the bright consummate flower of our education by events, the crown of our glory, will be the national action which shall render any future civil war impossible, and shall put the power and the duty of self-support and the support of dependent ones on every man. Events are doing this, but events are another expression for human actions. And much depends on the right or wrong direction given to the actions which create the events. The next Congress has a mighty power, a parliamentary omnipotence, now and now only by universal consent, in this matter, and a responsibility proportionably heavy.

CHANGE OF OPINION.

The war has proved a successful schoolmaster, bringing out of the darkness of slavery into the light of freedom multitudes of men who, but for such an instructor, would probably have gone down to their graves the enemies of every effort to emancipate the slaves. A striking illustration of the moral revolution now going on at the North, especially among business men, may be seen in the following extract from the Washington correspondence of the Chicago *Tribune*.

> *Washington, Nov. 20.*—I never so fully appreciated the determination of the people of the United States to wipe out slavery completely from the land, as this morning at the hotel breakfast table. I happened to be seated and in conversation with a member of the celebrated firm of Henry, Smith and Townsend, New York, and a gentleman also from that State who had been confined in the Old Capitol Prison under a charge of disloyalty, from which he has since, however, fully relieved himself. The firm of Henry, Smith and Townsend have been largely engaged in the Southern trade, and Southern merchants now owe them over a million and a half of dollars. This house was one of the foremost in New York to raise the sum of $250,000 to carry Pennsylvania for Buchanan, and which sum was contributed in one night, by the leading New York merchants engaged in the Southern trade. And it was this sum which doubtless, by corrupting a sufficient number of voters, elected that hoary-headed old traitor President. The firm was also acting in support of the Democratic ticket at the last Presidential election. But what a change has come over its sentiments. I was astonished this morning to hear the member of this firm with whom I was conversing, emphatically say, *that he did not want to see this war ended until slavery was entirely wiped out!* Said he: "Our firm may lose money by it; but I have come to the religious belief that we can have no peace *with* slavery in the Union, and that any man who does not insist on its abolition is either very ignorant of the true nature of the struggle in which we are engaged, or willfully opposed to the perfect reunion of the States. My friend of the Old Capitol also fully endorsed the sentiments of the New York merchant. He also had been a leading New York Democrat and a subscriber to that Buchanan corruption fraud, of which both gentlemen freely spoke. Such evidences as these of a great change in the minds and hearts of this people on the suject of slavery must convince the most skeptical that the people are determined on the Emancipation question, and will sustain the President in fully carrying out his proclamation. The main supporters of slavery in the North are now the demagogue, Democratic politicians who live by office, and the poor, ignorant masses, in the main Irish Catholics, who are their deluded followers. The intelligence and wealth of the North, with all the great agricultural, commercial and monetary interests have set their faces like a flint against it. They intend to make a clean job of it at this time.

How strange it is, when thousands of Northern merchants, heretofore wedded to the support of slavery, are coming over to the side of freedom and to the support of radical anti-slavery measures, that a man like the Rev. Dr. Bellows, who has for years made high professions of hostility to slavery, should leap over to the "conservative" side, and, on Thanksgiving day, preach a sermon which pained every loyal heart and comforted every Copperhead who heard him! He thinks, forsooth, that we ought not to insist on the entire abolition of slavery as the condition of a restored Union with the South, but content ourselves with some scheme of gradual emancipation! O, lame and impotent conclusion!

Good News from Kentucky.—A friend, writing from Louisville, November 20, says: "Public opinion here is changing most rapidly. The late elections have materially aided in this. The people are beginning to feel that peace must be purchased at the expense of slavery; and that it avails nothing to resist the inevitable. Another great change has taken place. The refugee freedmen from the insurgent States coming to Kentucky were, in large numbers, seized, imprisoned and sold as slaves, under State laws, or without law. This abuse has almost wholly ceased. Not a refugee is now imprisoned in this vicinity. All are declared free, and the able-bodied men enlisted, or sent to work on military roads, at $10 to $20 a month. In the back parts of the State, the thing is still carried on in a covert way; but the government is taking measures daily to root it out."

LETTERS FROM MRS. GAGE.

Vernon, N. Y., Nov. 25, 1863.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

It hath grown to be a fashion, I believe, for lecturers, whose subject of discourse is "the irresistible negro," to report progress, from time to time, to The Standard or *Liberator*, that thereby the friends of the cause of emancipation may be encouraged in their efforts in behalf of that oppressed part of humanity. On Thursday evening last, at Syracuse, there came out to hear my report of the condition of the Freedmen of South Carolina as large an audience as could be comfortably seated in the Unitarian church. This was very cheering, considering there were two courses of lectures going on, of much interest to the people, and various amusements to draw attention from so humble a subject as mine.

I was called to Canestota on Sunday, and spoke to a good house in the afternoon, and by request continued my subject in the evening, and had a packed audience. Monday evening, at Vernon, a like reception awaited my appearance, although in each place there seemed a doubt in the minds of those who invited me lest the negro were not yet popular enough to fill a church or hall. The change in public opinion is marvelous. The most ultra expression of hatred to the "peculiar institution" now calls out the most earnest applause; and people who, three years ago, were not ready, in any sense, to listen to words of emancipation, are now ready to do and dare anything in behalf of the slave. It is an old saying, that "when a man's going down hill, everyone gives him a kick," and it is emphatically so with the man of horrors who has in times past been so petted and loved by the people. Even his best friends—those that still hope for his restitution—are ashamed to acknowledge the friendship, and call their love by some other name.

"Don't get weary waiting, brothers,
Don't get weary waiting, waiting for the Lord,"

sings the contraband of the South, and we may join in his loud, triumphant chorus:

"For He's coming, coming, coming,
Satan's kingdom to put down."

But we must all remember that when this wicked kingdom is put down, our work is not done. God's kingdom is to be builded up instead. The work of emancipating the slave is only a part of our duty; he must be taken by the hand and taught the ways of freedom, as we would teach the child the ways of life.

It is not enough that audiences flock to hear of the home-life of the contrabands; not enough that their hearts revolt from slavery and its effects. They must point out the new path, giving of their abundance to supply the needs of those to whom liberty has come in so cold and stern a form. Liberty, though a priceless boon, is not bread for the hungry nor clothes for the naked.

The cry of them who have fallen among thieves, and been robbed of all things but life, through all their past years, is appalling. Let it be heard and answered by generous donations for the sufferers of the Mississippi valley.

No greater stain could fall upon our fair fame as a nation than to have it said of us, that in this morning hour of our great victory we leave the wives and children of the colored soldiers of the Mississippi to suffer and to die. Truly yours,

F. D. Gage.

Auburn, Nov. 26, 1863.

Oh! such a sermon as we had to-day—this clear, bright, genial Thanksgiving day—a sermon so full of hope and love, so overflowing with human feeling and saint-like charity, and yet so practical, taking hold of all the great issues of the time, and drawing from them nourishment and life and healing for our broken and bruised country. It may be that my poor brain and heart, starved for a year and a month on the Sea Islands, are so hungered that common food is delicious; but to me the intellectual repast offered us by Mr. Fowler of Auburn was the richest and most soul-satisfying ever offered me upon a day of Thanksgiving. It thrilled me, it filled me, till my heart uttered inarticulate sobs, not of sorrow but of a great joy, as he portrayed the working of this seemingly cruel war in making humanity more regally grand, bringing man nearer to the "image of his God," and making him of "more value than fine gold."

I was sad in the morning, somewhat, notwithstanding the news of our victories in the South-west. Was it not natural that I should be sad? The family circle of ten that used to meet around the home table—where are they all to-day? One, the stay and companion, "gone before"—giving thanks before that higher throne where, by and by, we shall meet again to worship, when our work here is done. The rest scattered far and wide, in South Carolina, on the bloody battle-field of Chattanooga, perchance—on the Mississippi, in the lands of the West—no two at the same table—no two joining in the same song! And the old home in the hands of strangers! Do you wonder I was sad and lonely? Yet that sermon swept it all away. Light and warmth came back to me, the afar off came near. I felt the clasp of hands cold in death, and heard the joyful shout of merry voices, and the ring of happy laughter; and the "slough of despond" was bridged over, and strewed with flowers, and the great hope of the nation, the great flooding joy of freedom and light and life, which is to come up out of the present trials, hid away out of my sight my own little selfish cares and regrets, or spread around them a halo of glory that made me not only willing to bear, but to give thanks that I was accounted worthy to live in this day, when our Heavenly Father is making "a man of more value than fine gold."

Three years ago Thanksgiving day, Mr. Fowler (Presbyterian) preached a sermon in his Auburn pulpit, from the text, "God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth." It lost him that pulpit. How he stands justified to-day the current of events must tell. Let us thank God for such men.

Yours, F. D. Gage.

Sympathy for Poland.—The anniversary of Polish Independence was celebrated on Monday evening last, at the Cooper Institute, by a large and enthusiastic assembly. The hall was handsomely decorated with American and Polish flags, and in the rear of the speaker's desk hung a large allegorical painting representing Poland, in the form of a female just released from her broken chains and rising up as the radiant Goddess of Liberty. After several patriotic airs by the band, the meeting was organized by the election of ex-Judge John W. Edmonds as President, assisted by a long list of Vice-Presidents, among whom were Peter Cooper, William Cullen Bryant, Wm. Curtis Noyes, Robert Emmet, Horace Greeley, Herr Ottendorfer, Frederick Kapp, James Gordon Bennett, Moses H. Beach, Richard O'Gorman, Jos. Hoxie, and many others. At a little before 8 o'clock, a company of young girls and children appeared, with a standard-bearer preceding them, carry the flag of Poland, with the white eagle of that old land trembling on the top of its folds. The procession was received with enthusiastic cheers. At a given signal from the manager, this little band of singers struck up the inspiring song, "No, no, Poland shall not die!" The excited enthusiasm that followed the song was even far greater than that which preceded it. Judge Edmonds, Richard O'Gorman and others made eloquent speeches. Among the letters received was the following:

Sir: I feel myself honored by your request that I be present at the approaching anniversary of the Polish revolution. My health is much impaired, and I may not be able to leave home for several weeks. The partition of Poland was a crime, not only against her, but against all mankind. Her restoration is needed, not for her sake only, but for the sake of all nations. If Poland may be torn to pieces, so may this nation, and so, at last, there shall be no sacredness in nationality to forbid the designs, or repel the approaches of anarchy or piracy. Russia, Austria and Prussia were simply pirates in their dismemberment of Poland. The world, as well as Poland, calls for their assistance, and for the repairing of their flagrant wrong against all that is sacred in the rights and precious in the interests of nationality. Warm in my sympathies with the oppressed of every clime and every complexion I remain, etc., Gerrit Smith.

APPEAL FOR THE CONTRABANDS IN WASHINGTON.

Contraband Camp, Washington, Nov. 23, 1863.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Permit me to bring before your readers a matter which I have mentioned to many different persons during the last ten months, but as yet without any practical result.

There are in this city hundreds of refugees from slavery and rebeldom, who, in their anxiety and determination to take care of themselves, are paying from five to ten dollars per month rent for single rooms, the most of said rooms being in little board shanties, and the size of them generally being from 7 by 10 to 10 feet square. Many of them are paying from one to five dollars per month rent for ground enough to set a shanty on, and in some instances the privilege of a little back yard. Hundreds would be living in the city and taking ample care of themselves, if they could get rooms even in board shanties, ten feet square, at three dollars per month, with ground enough attached for a very small garden plot.

Now there are hundreds of acres of vacant lots, within the limits of the city, that might be purchased or leased on reasonable terms, on which cheap houses might be erected and rented to these persons at the figure above named, making the rents alone, in from three to five years, refund the entire amount expended, and at the same time be such an accommodation to these people as would enable the most of them in that time to purchase the property thus rented to them. Cannot some plan be devised by which this thing can be done? Are there not enough persons among your readers, with money to spare for such an object, whose souls will be moved to come to the aid of these children of oppression, in starting well and right in this their new life? At present they are entirely in the hands of a set of low whites, who seem to have as little conscience as though they were made of cast-iron, and who are as callous to the sufferings of these as the most imbruted barbarians could be.

It may be objected by some that this will have a tendency to encourage the accumulation of this kind of population here, and that it is better for them to scatter to the country. That it is better *for them* to go to the country, I will not dispute; but that a large portion of them will remain in the city, because their labor is in great demand here, is a fixed fact, and the question is simply and purely one of protection for them against the rapacity of conscienceless whites. If the accumulation of them here were a curse, which I do not admit, there is no place on the globe that so richly deserves the curse as Washington city, D. C. Here has been the "seat of power" both of the Beast and the false Prophet, who have been "drunken with the blood" and rioted in the woes of this unresisting race; and if blacks enough would accumulate here to banish every satellite of slavery and keep every negrophobist at an "awful distance," certainly no friend of freedom nor devotee of Justice would mourn. If the negro is the touchstone of our civilization, as I believe, then right here is the place where the "stone which the builders rejected" should "become the chief stone of the corner," and among the most necessary steps towards this end is that of securing to the greatest possible number of them permanent homes. Can you not, my dear sir, say something that will awaken an interest on this subject, which interest will not subside in mere expressions of sympathy? I would be very happy to correspond with any persons who feel an interest in this matter, to answer any questions and give information as far as in my power, Yours for humanity,

James J. Ferree,

Commandant Contraband Camp, Washington, D. C.

DISGRACEFUL TREATMENT OF COLORED SOLDIERS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Extract of a letter, from an officer of colored troops before Charleston, to a gentleman of New York.

When I accepted my appointment I did so under the belief that I was to devote myself to the work of making good trained soldiers of the despised class which composed the regiment. On my arrival I learned that, although it had been here several weeks, it had been kept so constantly at work with the shovel that very few of the men had been drilled. It has been so ever since my coming. A few days since, the General commanding on this island said, in my presence, that the intention was for the colored troops to do only fatigue duty, all military duty to be performed by white soldiers. On the 24th of August a Massachusetts regiment carried the rifle-pits near Wagner, and lost three killed and five wounded. The affair was published far and wide, and pictured in *Harper's Weekly*; but people at the North never heard how men of a colored regiment ran out and dug cover for the white conquerors, and lost in doing so a larger number in killed and wounded.

Briefly, colored troops are treated as menials, unfit to be trusted as soldiers. On one occasion colored soldiers were ordered to move the camp of a white regiment—an unheard of thing.

White troops do both fatigue and military duty; we ask to share them fairly. If not, if we are to simply be navvies, better take away our arms, flags, and uniforms, change our titles from Captains to overseers, and call the regiment "Gang No. —, U. S. Colored Laborers," and not by continuing the present false name of "Troops" throw on us the onus of maintaining a military standing, with everything in which soldiers take pride denied us!

An order just issued prohibits the recently arrived conscripts from doing anything else than drilling. Now our men are undrilled, but no such consideration for their instruction is shown. Is this so in any other Department? We read of exploits by colored troops near Fort Monroe, but the only mention you will be likely to have of us will be that our men look like anything but soldiers. Yet better material I don't ask for, and our officers will hear a favorable comparison with those of any regiment I ever knew.

Shall the stigma of color be extended so far that men who offer their lives for less pay than others are to be treated as not fit to be even taught? To be told that they shall not have their turn at military duty as well as at fatigue? Why? Because they are not white.

I think I have written enough to give you a fair idea of the state of things here. There is a great deal of work to be done here still, or I would not complain, but the shovel must play a prominent part for months to come. There are sufficient troops here to make the duties, if fairly divided, not excessively heavy.

Yours, very truly, —— ———.

THE FREEDMEN IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Freedmen's Relief Association of Philadelphia resolved at the late meeting in Concert Hall to raise $100,000 with which to carry on their operations. They have already raised one fourth of that amount, and have a fair prospect of realizing the whole. Thirteen persons have given each $1,000; ten have given $500 each; ten from $200 to $300, and about twenty $100 each.

These people who give thus liberally understand this to be the great and crowning work of the war. It is not only nor mainly to relieve the present physical distress that this money is needed. It is to induct a new-born nation into freedom; to carry a whole people safely through the transition stage that intervenes between chattelism and citizenship. It is to provide teachers and helpers, schools and books, and all other appliances needed to lift up a down-trodden people, and diffuse among them the blessings of civilization.

The fund of $100,000 which the Philadelphia Association are providing will be all needed, and a great deal more.

George Thompson, the English Abolitionist, is coming to this country soon, to patronize us in his self-righteous way.—*Springfield Republican.*

Nothing could be more ungenerous or unfair than this fling at Mr. Thompson, than whom there are in all the world few men more completely exempt from anything even resembling the spirit of self-righteousness. A sincere friend of republican institutions, he is as anxious for the success of the North in the struggle with the Slave Power as if he were an American citizen, and during the last two years he has labored with great zeal and admirable discretion to enlighten the people of Great Britain in relation to the issues involved in that struggle. But he is an Abolitionist, and therefore the Springfield *Republican* owes him a grudge. That paper seems wholly unable to forgive the men who have created the public opinion against slavery to which it has been compelled to bow, and it never misses an opportunity to assail them. Twelve years ago, when it followed the lead of Webster and Choate, it lent its aid, by gross personal abuse of Mr. Thompson, in stirring up a riot against him in Springfield, and therefore it is not unnatural that the announcement of his approaching visit to this country should affect it unpleasantly.

PERSONAL.

President Lincoln has been quite ill for a week or ten days past, but according to the latest advices was improving.

Governor Andrew, who is always doing something neat, obtained permission for all the invalided Massachusetts soldiers to come home to eat a Thanksgiving turkey. His health was drank with all the honors at many a loyal New Englander's table.

We deeply regret to learn, says the London *Record*, that the health of the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, of the Free Church of Scotland, is so seriously affected that his medical men have ordered perfect repose, and that his friends fear that the activity of his public life must be regarded as terminated.

The rebel guerilla, Morgan, and six of his under officers, succeeded, on Saturday morning last, in effecting their escape from the Penitentiary in Columbus, Ohio, by digging through the floor of their cell to a sewer leading to the river. It is believed that they were aided by rebel sympathizers in Cincinnati. Morgan reached Toronto on Tuesday.

The London *Spectator*, one of the most intelligent journals in England, speaks of President Lincoln in terms which are in marked contrast with the usual tone of the English press. "Mr. Lincoln has been tested as few governors have ever been tested, and though he may not always have risen fully to the level of a great emergency, he has seldom failed to display a noble impartiality, a great firmness of purpose, and a sagacious, if somewhat utilitarian, judgment. * * * We believe a juster man never held the reins of government."

The Boston *Congregationalist* says: "Rev. Dr. Massie intends to put into a permanent form the results of his tour in the United States. Mr. John Snow of London announces a volume from his pen to be entitled, 'The Americans: the causes of their present conflict; the prospect for the slave; and the test of British sympathy.' The volume will contain all the addresses presented to Dr. Massie in this country, together with his own observations upon our cause, and various incidents of travel. Dr. M. was a shrewd and candid observer, and his notes upon our people will command wide attention in this country."

Says the Baltimore correspondent of *The Evening Post*, "Postmaster-General Blair's Copperhead Rockville speech is 'going the rounds' in pamphlet form—a capital contribution to the basket in the present scarcity of waste paper! By the by, the President is reported to have said a capital thing in reference to the Blairs. Some gentlemen were denouncing the Rockville speech as placing the Administration in a false position. 'Gentlemen,' said the President 'did you ever know a Blair who was not a Blair-man?' The truth in a nut shell."

A Turin correspondent writes: General Garibaldi has written a letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Griziotti. What will perhaps more interest your readers is one which I have just seen from Dr. Albanese. He says: "Caprera, Oct. 30.—I am back here with the General, and am delighted to be so, and to find him almost entirely recovered. His progress is admirable. He begins to walk with no support, and the foot, if it has not regained all its action, is sufficiently strong to be used with safety and firmness. When I arrived he advanced to meet me without any support whatever. I cannot tell you the emotion I experienced. I have examined the foot carefully. The progress in two months is wonderful. I may say, in fact, that next Spring will see our General entirely free and sound (libero e sano)."

Hundreds of people went to All Soul's Church on Thanksgiving day, feeling sure that Dr. Bellows would preach a strong anti-slavery sermon. What was their disappointment and mortification in hearing him say that the abolition of slavery ought not to be insisted upon, but that some scheme of gradualism ought to be adopted in deference to what he regarded as the instinct of the Democratic masses; that Seward was the man of all others entitled to our gratitude as a wise and faithful statesman; that the influence of the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts over the mind of the President, if it was as strong as it was popularly supposed to be, was a subject for regret; and that the policy of Scott and McClellan in regard to the Army of the Potomac had been vindicated at last and accepted by the country! Such another disappointed and indignant congregation probably could not have been found on that day in all the country. Said a young lady, a constant attendant at All Soul's Church, "Dr. Bellows is now and then possessed by an evil spirit, and such is his condition to-day." On the other hand, we heard more than one Copperhead exulting over the sermon as in perfect accord with his convictions!

THE REMOVAL OF ROSECRANS.

Chattanooga, Nov. 15th, 1863.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

The readers of The Standard would doubtless be glad to know something of the feeling of the Army of the Cumberland in relation to the removal of their late popular chief, Gen. Rosecrans. Duties with the army brought me to the front about ten days ago, and I was astonished to find not only a quiet acquiescence, but a satisfaction that was at first inexplicable. But the Army of the West never have been worshippers of men, and all that they want to know is that the commander is a fair-minded man, earnest to put down the rebellion, and possessed of sufficient ability to execute his plans. In Gen. Thomas they *know* they have that man, tried on many a battle-field and never found wanting. The former never was as popular with his men as the newspaper correspondents have made him with the people; and the reasons are obvious. The great, liberal, loyal heart of the North will be shocked by the partisan bigotry which he carried into the army, as displayed in the following document, lately posted on the door of the Catholic chapel, in this place. While all the other churches in the place were torn to pieces and taken for hospitals, etc., there was one building which, in the estimation of this commander, was more sacred than the lives of the defenders of our imperilled country. Read:

"Head Qrs. Dept. of the Cumberland,
Office Provost-Marshal-General,
Chattanooga, Tenn., Oct. 10th, 1863.

"A safeguard is hereby granted to Rev. Father Nellis for the St. Peters' Catholic Church building of Chattanooga, including all rocks, fences, stable, timbers, and everything pertaining thereto.

"All officers and soldiers are commanded to respect this safeguard, the penalty for the violation of which is death. By command of Maj. Gen'l Rosecrans,

Wm. M. Miles,
Lt.-Col. and Provost Marshal-General."

Comment is unnecessary. J. H.

WOMEN'S PETITION FOR EMANCIPATION.

We give below the form of petition adopted by the Women's National Loyal League. If any of our readers are not otherwise supplied, they can copy this on a sheet of paper and commence at once the work of obtaining signatures.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

(Men)

The Undersigned, Women of the United States above the age of eighteen years, earnestly pray that your Honorable Body will pass, at the earliest practicable day, an Act emancipating all Persons of African descent held to involuntary service or labor in the United States.

Name. | *Residence.*

When the sheet is filled, add others of the same width to the foot of it, with paste or mucilage. The signatures should be by the persons themselves, or else written at their request. Add, at close of each petition, the number of signatures contained, and name of Town, County and State whence it comes. Return to Women's National Loyal League, 20 Cooper Institute, New York.

N.B.—As this petition will not be presented till after next December 12, all who will then be eighteen years old have a right to sign it.

Freedmen's Bureau.—*The Tribune* of Wednesday has the following special dispatch from Washington:

Tuesday, Dec. 1.—The following gentlemen, representing a number of the National Freedmen's Associations of the country, namely, Francis G. Shaw, the Rev. H. W. Beecher, the Rev. H. W. Bellows, C. R. Roberts, and G. C. Ward, of New York; John M. Forbes and Edward Atkinson, of Boston; Stephen Colwell, Francis R. Cope, Elds. Farwell, Rev. T. W. Smith, of Philadelphia; the Rev. Dr. Allen, Dr. Boynton, Levi Coffin, J. M. Walden, E. Harwood, and Rev. Adam Poe, of Cincinnati, are here to have an interview with the President for the purpose of urging him to establish a Freedmen's Bureau. An address was prepared, which was to have been presented to Mr. Lincoln this evening, but his continued illness prevented him from seeing the delegation, and he designated Mr. Seward to act as his representative. The gentlemen accordingly called upon Mr. Seward this evening, and placed their memorial in his hands to be delivered to the President. Mr. Seward assured his visitors that the subject was one to which the President had given much thought and attention; that he could not, however, give them the President's views upon the subject, inasmuch as Mr. Lincoln, who had expected to talk to them himself, had not instructed him what to say. He did not speak authentically, but he thought he could say that, inasmuch as it was too late for Mr. Lincoln to embody the subject in his message, he would make their address the basis of a special message.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, Nov. 29, 1863.

We have had good news since my last letter, and some of our most sanguine Republicans begin to talk of peace and the closing up of the war. For this good news all loyal men were truly thankful. It is time now to win victories when we fight battles. There *was* a time when it would have been dangerous to win an overwhelming victory, for peace would have been made without insuring the destruction of slavery. Slavery cannot now be saved, come what may, and such victories as Grant is apt to win give Copperheads and traitors everywhere the heartache. If our armies meet with no mishap this Winter, the Opposition in Congress will not be able to work any mischief. The only possibility of trouble arises from the fact that there are a few bad, very bad, men elected to the House, and they may on some measures resort to a very unfair opposition. Forty bad men in the House could prevent the passage of almost any bill, if they were possessed of sufficient courage. If the Opposition felt pretty certain that a majority of the people were upon their side, they would give the Administration trouble. But the elections have alarmed them, and now our armies have won victories, and they have nothing left upon which they can stand. It is expected that Fernando Wood, James Brooks, and "brother Ben" will take pretty bold ground for peace; but the rank and file of the Democracy in the House will keep clear of treason. S. S. Cox, of Columbus, Ohio, has arrived here for the Winter, and he is a fair sample of the Western Democrats. He was very saucy in the last session of Congress, especially with reference to New England, but since the election in Ohio Sam. Cox is a changed man. He carries himself quite modestly, and I believe will not dare to vote directly against the war in any shape this Winter. Voorhees, of Indiana, is another of the violent peace men, and I should have classed him with the Woods and James Brooks, but he has a very few men to keep him company from the West. There are Democrats enough (they call themselves *Democrats*) in the new House, but the most of them are ashamed to associate openly with such men as Wood and Voorhees. The successes won by the Army of the Cumberland have set the West on fire, and no Copperhead member of Congress from that section of the country dare make his opposition to the war very conspicuous.

There is one danger, and that is, that the people will expect too much from these successes. Some people begin to talk as if the war were about at its close; as if the leading rebels were ready to abandon the contest, and either migrate to Mexico or trust to the clemency of the government. Such ideas are mischievous, for the reason that a reaction is sure to follow upon a belief in them. The man who thinks to-day that the war is over, and that the rebellion is crushed, will sink to the depths of despair next month, when he finds that months and, possibly, years of warfare remain before every vestige of the rebellion is extinguished. The President is very wise over good news. He never commits the folly to suppose that the contest is ended. Mr. Seward doubtless imagines that Jeff. Davis himself is now seeking an opportunity to come to terms with the government, but sober Abraham Lincoln thinks no such idle thought. He knows very well that there is to be more fighting yet, and very hard fighting too. The rebellion is going to be put down, *that* is certain; and it is equally certain that slavery will practically end with the war and the rebellion.

The President's position in reference to the rebel States is a question of deep import, and it is much discussed in political circles. We have a class of Conservative Republicans in Washington, who are quite strong in position, if not in numbers. They are favored by Messrs. Blair, Seward and Bates. Some of them are on intimate terms with the President, and they *pretend* that the President is quite conservative on this very important question of the governance of the rebel States. I think it is all pretence, however, for Mr. Lincoln is too shrewd a man to throw himself into the hands of "conservative" politicians in the midst of a great war and revolution. He is considering the subject, but has arrived at no decision as yet. It is said that he will introduce a new plan to Congress in his message for the restoration of the States, but I am certain that he is firmly resolved that, so far as he has power to prevent it, no rebel State shall vote itself back in the Union till some provision is made for the ultimate extinction of slavery. Mr. Lincoln is so fond of *gradual* emancipation that it is too much to expect that he will demand immediate emancipation in all the States, though it is difficult to see how he can make gradual emancipation agree with his proclamation of unconditional and immediate emancipation. I feel sure of Mr. Lincoln's position since the elections. When Mr. Seward finds it necessary to come out, as he did at Gettysburg, and avow his opposition to slavery, Mr. Lincoln, who, ever since the war broke out, has at all times been in advance of his Secretary of State may be relied upon. Mr. Blair has little influence over him now, for the Postmaster-General has been beaten in Missouri and in Maryland, and now is about to be beaten in Congress. Mr. Blair, I hear, will oppose the election of Mr. Colfax as Speaker, because Mr. Colfax defended Gen. Fremont against the attacks of Gen. Blair in the last Congress. Mr. Colfax will be elected Speaker without a doubt; and if it be true, as is alleged, that the Postmaster-General is working against him, he is destined to another disappointment. I cannot fully credit this last story, however. The President is always in most danger of falling into the hands of the Conservatives during the absence of Congress. He is in little danger when such men as Sumner, Wilson, Fessenden, Colfax, and others I might name, are here to meet him and talk with him day after day. The message will not take the back track, of that I am confident; and it would not surprise me at all if Mr. Lincoln were to take a bold step forward in it, though it is not much like him to decide what is to be done with the rebel States till he has them on his hands.

The Rev. Mr. Channing preached a bold war sermon here on Thanksgiving Day, and it was the only one delivered in the city which took strong anti-slavery ground. He said that he thanked God for this war, and before uttering the sentiment he expressed the opinion that some of his hearers might feel like walking out of the church—still he must utter it. He was thankful for the war, for the simple reason that it was the only agency that could abolish slavery. Nobody left the church, for those who go to hear Mr. Channing expect that he will speak very boldly.

It is amusing to look over the local reports of the Thanksgiving sermons delivered in Washington. Scarcely one of them recognized the great cause of the war; slavery was studiously avoided. Dr. Hall, who is Mr. Seward's pastor, did not say a word in favor of the war, but went out of his way to insinuate many things against it, and those whose conduct made it necessary. It was a mean, non-committal discourse, such as could only come from the lips of a Copperhead clergyman, who is the meanest of all creatures. There are three or four clergymen in Washington who speak boldly on the slavery question. There are several others, who really sympathize with the government and the black man, who are afraid to speak their sentiments boldly; and then there are a good many who secretly hate the government and are opposed to the war.

We are raising troops under the new call in this District very slowly. It would be easy to raise a regiment or two of colored troops, if the government would give to them a bounty of $300, or if the people of the District would subscribe liberally to a bounty fund, and distribute it among the colored volunteers. But the wealthy men of the District will not do anything of the kind. There are Copperhead merchants among us, who have made hundreds of thousands of dollars out of this war, who will not subscribe fifty dollars to help raise volunteers here. The government has not intentionally given these men patronage, but they have got it nevertheless, and have made fortunes out of a war which they have opposed. AVON.

New Publications.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE IN AMERICA, AND ITS MARTYRS. By ELIZA WIGHAM. Pp. 168. London: A. W. Bennett.

Miss Wigham is one of that noble band of enlightened English women, who, by their earnest sympathy and hearty coöperation with American Abolitionists for many years past have rendered a signal service to their cause. In this work she presents an outline of the history of the modern Anti-Slavery Movement in this country, tracing it from its humble beginning in the establishment of *The Liberator* by Garrison to the time when the slaveholders, alarmed by its mighty progress, deliberately attempted to crush it by destroying the government and the Union, and bringing the whole country under the sway of a despotism the most hateful that the world ever saw. She has recorded some of the trials and persecutions to which its champions were exposed, and shown how their courage and devotion have made them triumphant over all their foes. Her main object, in presenting such a sketch to British readers, is to stimulate them to a strong determination to do all that in them lies to guard their beloved country from any action, social or political, which may tend to ally her with a Confederacy having for its corner stone American slavery, the deadly enemy of the poor slave and of Righteousness and Freedom throughout the world, and the impious rejecter and oppressor of every law and attribute of Almighty God. She has selected wisely from the great mass of valuable anti-slavery literature of the last thirty years, and told her story in a manner well calculated to produce the desired effect upon the British people.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE: A Biography and an Autobiography. Boston: James Redpath.

We have here two volumes in one. The first is "The Life of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the Negro Patriot of Hayti," by the Rev. John R. Beard, D.D., Member of the Historico-Theological Society of Leipsic, etc. With this work the editor has, for apparently good reasons, taken the liberty of making a few verbal and other changes, and of omitting the part which gave a history of Hayti from the death of Toussaint to the reign of Soulouque. Dr. Beard's "Notes and Illustrations" have also, with one exception, been omitted, and others, deemed more interesting, substituted for them. The Autobiography of Toussaint, forming the second part of this volume, is taken from the "*Mémoires de la Vie de Toussaint L'Ouverture*," edited by the M. St. Reny. "The existence of these Memoirs," he says, "was first mentioned by the venerable Abbé Grégoire, Bishop of Blois, in his curious and entertaining work entitled, 'The Literature of the Negroes.' In 1845, the journal, '*La Presse*' published fragments of them; and at that time some persons seemed to doubt their authenticity. But, quite recently, through the friendly medium of Mr. Fleutelot, member of the University of France, I was enabled to obtain from Gen. Desfourneaux a copy of these Memoirs which he had in his possession. Still later, after much research, I succeeded in discovering the original manuscript in the General Archives of France. Eagerly, and with scrupulous attention, did I peruse the lengthy pages, all written in the hand of the First of the Blacks. The emotions excited in me by this examination will be better understood than they can be described. The mind is thrown into an abyss of reflections by the memory of so lofty a renown bent under the weight of so much misfortune." And M. St. Reny adds, "that Toussaint's cast of mind may well be judged from the fact that his own manuscript is entirely at first hand, without an erasure or an insertion." This interesting paper is now first published in the English language, ving been expressly translated for this volume.

he "Notes and Testimonies" added by the editor —1. Proclamation by King Christophe; 2. Note by riet Martineau, including a description of a visit to Chateau de Joux, and the Sonnet on Toussaint verture by Wordsworth; 3. A Visit to the Chateau de Joux by John Bigelow, containing documentary evidence relative to Toussaint's imprisonment therein; 4. Whittier's Poem on Toussaint; 5. Peroration of Wendell Phillips's lecture on Toussaint. The illustrations of the volume are—1. Outline Map of Colonial Hayti; 2 Authentic Portrait of Toussaint; 3. His Autograph.

LUNSFORD LANE; or, Another Helper from North Carolina. By the Rev. WM. G. HAWKINS, A.M. Boston: Crosby and Nichols.

The subject of this memoir was a slave for thirty years in Raleigh, N. C., and he spent eighteen years of his life in the purchase of himself and family, consisting of a wife and seven children. He is a man of fine natural abilities, and of indomitable energy and perseverance. The story of his life has many points of interest, illustrating as it does the character of American slavery, but it is told in this volume with a prolixity that greatly impairs its effect.

HEAVEN OUR HOME. We have no Saviour but Jesus, and no Home but Heaven. By the author of "Meet for Heaven." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This work has had a very extensive sale in England, not less than sixty successive editions having been called for. The author endeavors to show, in the light of Reason and Scripture, that the pleasures of Heaven consist chiefly in the exercise of the social affections—in other words, that Heaven is *a home, with a great and loving and happy family in it*; that those who have loved each other on earth will know and love each other there; and that the inhabitants of that bright world continue to feel a deep interest in those who dwell upon the earth. The work has great attractions for all those who share the author's beautiful and sublime faith.

MARIAN ELWOOD; or, How Girls Live. A Tale, by Miss SARAH M. BROWNSON. New York: D. and J. Sadlier and Co.

Miss Brownson frankly tells us that she begun to write this tale in an idle moment, to beguile the weariness of doing nothing, without any definite aim, or the slightest thought of making a book. She wrote on because she found occupation and pleasure in doing so, putting down what came into her head, and very much as it came. Gradually the thing seemed to shape itself, and promise to grow into a story, artless in its plot, and uneventful indeed, but not without a natural progress and termination. The author has good powers of observation and description, her characters are vividly drawn, and the story is of sufficient interest to hold the attention of the reader to the end. It contains many beautiful and touching passages.

GEN. BUTLER IN NEW ORLEANS. History of the Administration of the Department of the Gulf in the Year 1862: with an Account of the Capture of New Orleans, and a Sketch of the Previous Career of the General, Civil and Military. By JAMES PARTON, author of the "Life and Times of Aaron Burr," "Life of ANDREW JACKSON," etc. Pp. 650. New York: Mason Brothers.

Mr. Parton is entitled to the thanks of every loyal American for this admirable history of Gen. Butler's administration in New Orleans. The story is told with unimpeachable candor and strict fidelity to truth at every point. It possesses all the interest of a novel, and no true-hearted man can read it without being convinced that if ever the right man was in the right place, it was Gen. Butler in command of the Department of the Gulf. The denunciations heaped upon his head by traitors at home and the sympathizers with treason abroad had their inspiration in a malignant purpose to effect his removal and secure the appointment in his place of a General anxious rather to conciliate than to subdue the rebels. They had their effect, however, upon many honest minds at home and abroad, and even upon the Administration itself; and Gen. Butler and his friends may well rejoice that he is at length completely vindicated.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for November (L. Scott & Co.'s American Edition, 38 Walker st.). *Contents*: Chronicles of Carlingford—the Perpetual Curate—Part VI; Old Maps and New; Tony Butler, Part II.; Ducal Darmstadt; The Fall of King Otho; Hawthorne on England; Tara; May Song; Our Rancorous "Cousins."

THE REBELLION RECORD, Part XXXVIII, completing the sixth volume, is on our table. It completes the Diary of Events and the collection of the Documents of the War to June 1st, 1863. The portraits of the number are those of Maj.-Gen. Hiram G. Berry and Admiral D. G. Farragut. The publisher requests the purchasers of the work in Parts to complete their volumes at once. The proprietors cannot engage to supply back parts of any volume, except applied for within three months after the completion of the volume. New York: G. P. Putnam, 441 Broadway; C. T. Evans, 448 Broadway.

FOR THE FREEDMEN.—J. M. McKim acknowledges the receipt of the following sums, which he has handed over to E. W. Clark, Treasurer of the Freedmen's Relief Association:

Wm. Sellers & Co.	$1,000 00
W. D. Bell	50 00
Cash	25 00
Eliza Black	2 00
S. S. Ely	5 00
Sarah Phipps	20 00
Mrs. Thompson	10 00
Miss Crain	20 00
	$1,132 00

OBITUARY.

DEAR MR. GARRISON: Another of the elderly circle of Abolitionists has passed from this sphere of life. Mrs. PHEBE T. RICHMOND, wife of James Richmond, of Claverack, N. Y., died at her residence Oct. 31st. She was one of the number with whom the cause of the oppressed had a permanent claim. Though not widely known, she was a woman of rare conscientiousness, and fidelity to her convictions of duty. *The Liberator* was her favorite journal, and to live to see the final end of slavery was her most fervent desire.

As her life has been a help, so will her memory be a blessing to all who knew her.

Ghent, N. Y., Nov. 23, 1863. A. M. P.

"PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND."

THE Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society congratulate its members and friends that, through the madness, rebellion, and secession of the South, avowedly in behalf of its Heaven-accursed and world-abhorred slave system—involving the country in a civil war of the hugest proportions and the most sanguinary character, which still continues its desolating work—the constitutional powers of the Federal government are now ample to decree the immediate and total abolition of slavery. They believe that, as a measure of national peace and unity, of humanity and justice, such a decree should be passed by the ensuing Congress at as early a period in the session as practicable—thus not only sustaining the Emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln of January 1st, 1863, but also effectually disposing of that remnant of the slave institution which was exempted by the proclamation aforesaid, in such a manner as may seem most equitable and expedient by Congress.

The warrant for this procedure is to be found in the still greatly imperilled state of the republic, and in the legitimate functions of the government that may be exercised in such an alarming crisis. By common law, an individual has the right of self-defence by all means recognized by that law. In view of international law, a nation is an individual, and has the right of self-defence by all means recognized by that law; one of those means being the destruction of any dynasty or institution that imperils national life. Slavery has struck at the life of the nation, and declared its own existence incompatible with that of the nation. Hence the nation, acting through its official organs, has the right to abolish slavery throughout its dominions; and past events demonstrate alike the necessity and duty of exercising this right without delay and without compromise.

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, therefore, deeply impressed with the importance of a general coöperation of the friends of impartial liberty at this time, in order to influence and secure the action of Congress in the manner described, hereby announce, that they have resolved to put forthwith into the lecturing field as many agents as the funds of the Society will warrant, whose sole work shall be to enlighten the public mind on this subject, stimulate to a wide-spread movement in favor of universal emancipation, and thus make the recurrence of another SLAVEHOLDERS' REBELLION an impossible event.

To sustain and increase the number of these agents, the Committee solicit the generous contribution and donations of all who desire to see the speedy suppression of the war, and in the fullest sense "LIBERTY AND UNION" made "ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

In furtherance of this patriotic and Christian object, the "Woman's Loyal National League" at New York has taken the field, in advance, to procure to a petition to the next Congress, for the total abolition of slavery, A MILLION OF SIGNATURES on the part of the loyal women of the republic. It deserves all possible encouragement and success, and we shall extend to it the heartiest coöperation. But let the loyal MEN be equally zealous and resolved to be as potentially heard in the same manner, by the same body. Let such a petition be sent to Congress from every city, town, village and hamlet in all the loyal States. No time is to be lost. "*One last, best effort now!*"

The Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society is WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH, Esq., 8 Railroad Exchange, Boston, Mass. Donations may also be sent to OLIVER JOHNSON, Esq., Anti-Slavery Office, 48 Beekman street, New York, and to J. MILLER MCKIM, Anti-Slavery Office, 106 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ Editors of newspapers friendly to the object here announced, are respectfully requested to insert this announcement in their columns.

PHOTOGRAPHS—large size—of the following persons for sale at this office, price 75 cents:

THEODORE D. WELD,
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,
OLIVER JOHNSON,
THEODORE TILTON.

The likenesses are pronounced excellent—that of Mr. Weld especially.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

GREAT BATTLE AT CHATTANOOGA.

Gen. Grant has won another grand victory. On Tuesday, Nov. 24th, Gen. Hooker, with about three divisions of troops, carried the point and north slope of Lookout Mountain, with comparatively small loss, capturing 2,000 prisoners. Gen. Sherman crossed the Tennessee above Chattanooga early the same morning, and carried the northern end of Missionary Ridge, in which he was assisted by Gen. Thomas, who made a vigorous attack on the enemy's centre, piercing it and driving the rebels in great confusion across Missionary Ridge and Chickamauga Creek. The fighting continued on Wednesday, the Union forces being uniformly successful. On Thursday Generals Sherman and Thomas crossed the Chickamauga in pursuit of the enemy, who retreated toward Dalton, burning bridges, and destroying depots, stores and everything that could impede his flight. The pursuit was continued on Friday. On Monday Bragg's army remained in the vicinity of Tunnel Hill, while our lines extended to Ringgold, so that the armies were only 9 miles apart. The dispatch significantly adds that the campaign is probably ended, and sums up the results thus: The capture of six thousand and two prisoners, forty-eight pieces of artillery and seven thousand stand of arms. Our entire loss is officially stated as but little more than three thousand.

THE SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE.

From Knoxville we have the cheering news of the defeat of Longstreet by Burnside, in a general engagement on Sunday, Nov. 29, in which the rebel Gen. Wheeler's division, 5,000 strong, was captured entire. This news is brought to Cumberland Gap by a courier, and thence telegraphed *via* Cincinnati. Longstreet was evidently desirous of crossing to the south side of the Tennessee at Knoxville in order that he might make his exit, either South or North, with one or two large rivers between him and his pursuers. His condition now must be very precarious, for a portion of Grant's forces were, at last accounts, moving upon his rear.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

On Friday, Nov. 27, Gen. Meade's army began its advance in three columns, and by daylight this morning (28th) had successfully crossed the Rapidan at three places—Culpepper, Jacob's Mills, and Germania Fords. The enemy offered very little resistance, and fell back from the river. After crossing the river our columns each took a different route, all converging on the Orange Court-house road. On Friday the columns moved according to previous orders, so as to form line of battle north and south, right resting on the Rapidan, and facing toward Orange Court-house. In getting into position during the day there was considerable heavy skirmishing, and on the right a portion of the 3d corps, under Gen. French, had quite a brisk engagement with Ewell's corps, losing five hundred in killed and wounded, but holding its own, and capturing nine hundred prisoners. During Friday night the enemy retired a short distance, and on Saturday morning, at 9 o'clock, our army was a mile and a half beyond (west of) Robertson's Tavern, or within about ten miles of Orange Court-house. The indications were that Lee would fight, and he seemed to be selecting his own ground. We have intelligence up to noon of Monday, at which time no general engagement had taken place. Lee's army was, however, immediately in our front, and a heavy battle was imminent.

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

PROGRESS IN MISSOURI.

A dispatch from Jefferson City, Missouri, says: "From the Counties of Boone, Callaway and Randolph able-bodied negroes are crowding here in large numbers. The Provost-Marshal has already received over one hundred applications to enter the army from negroes. Orders have been issued to the ferry man to bring across the river all negroes who wish to enlist. The black brigade of once slaves is fast filling up."

ENLISTMENTS IN BALTIMORE.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

BALTIMORE, November 25, 1863.

The military authorities of this department have released from the Baltimore City Jail some twenty-three able-bodied slaves, who had been confined within its walls by their disloyal masters, for safe keeping, for more than a year past. The men thus restored to liberty have enlisted in the service of the United States, to help in the work of crushing out the man-stealers' rebellion.

The draft so far has fallen heavily on the colored men of this community, but I hear of no shirking, no swearing of allegiance to foreign powers, no buying off with exemption money, no simulation of disease, but the drawers of these patriotic prizes march up with alacrity to the duty required of them by the country, notwithstanding it denies them their rights of equality before the law. This thing, however, will not last forever—they will conquer what has been too long withheld from them, not by violence, but by devotion to their country.

FIRST REGIMENT ILLINOIS COLORED VOLUNTEERS.

The undersigned has been authorized by the Governor of the State of Illinois to raise a regiment of infantry, to be composed of colored men, to be mustered into the United States service for three years or during the war, to be known as "1st Regiment Illinois Colored Volunteers." The regiment will be clothed, armed and equipped in all respects the same as other volunteer regiments of the State.

Application will be made at the meeting of Congress to increase the pay; and it is confidently believed that provision will be made at an early day placing the colored soldier on the same footing with other soldiers in respect to compensation and bounty.

Colored men of Illinois, the government, at last, has given authority to organize an Illinois regiment of colored volunteers. Let the colored men be sharers of the renown and glory being achieved by the white soldiers of this great State. Nothing will overcome so effectually the prejudice and animosity heretofore exhibited against your race, and nothing will do so much to repeal the disgraceful black laws as the organization of a colored regiment of Illinois soldiers. Now is the opportunity to prove yourselves valiant and patriotic, and worthy of the rights and freedom you desire to possess. You can conquer the prejudice of the white man, that has so long weighed down your people in chains, by valor on the battle-field—by devotion and sacrifice for your country, in this great struggle between the powers of freedom and slavery, light and darkness. Now is the day of your salvation. Come forward and prove yourselves men, and when the Union is saved you will be endowed by a grateful people with the rights pertaining to freemen.

Recruiting office in Chicago, 203 South Clark street.
General rendezvous, Quincy, Illinois.

JOHN A. BROSS.

COLORED VOLUNTEERS AT THE SOUTHWEST.

A letter addressed to the President of the United States is handed about, and has already received the signatures of some of our most eminent citizens, asking him to issue his proclamation inviting the colored people of the Southwest, where our armies are in victorious progress, to enlist in the volunteer army, and offering them the usual bounty as an inducement. This would have two important results; it would fill up the thinned ranks of our army, and would relieve the government from the burden of supporting the families of these people, whom we shall now have claiming our protection in great numbers. A measure of this sort, it is thought, will make a further drain of our Northern population, for the purpose of carrying on the war, almost unnecessary.—*Evening Post.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE COLORED TROOPS.

The following is an extract from a letter written by a private of the 54th regiment:

"I hear that my colored brethren have held a meeting in Boston to discuss our pay. We, as men, don't want any such thing. It is easy for men to talk, walking up and down Cambridge street. If they have any patriotism about them, they will say to each other, 'men, let's go down into Egypt, shoulder to shoulder, with our brethren, who are toiling to secure our firesides.' We did not come to the rescue of our country for money. It was our duty to come, to rescue freedom, which was lost. We don't ask colored men to stay at home and grumble about our pay, but to come down here and see. Their talk seems to me like an empty cask, which makes more noise than a full one."—*Boston Transcript.*

RECRUITING IN THE EMPIRE STATE.

Gov. Seymour now assents to, and will forward the enlistment of negro soldiers in the State of New York. They are to receive the same bounties from the State as white volunteers. He cannot authorize the formation of new negro regiments, as the President's call says that the volunteers are to be used to fill up regiments in the field, but otherwise they may enlist, and will be counted in the quota of New York. As the State has no negro regiments in the field into which black volunteers can enter, the War Department has given authority to Gen. Spinola to raise a colored regiment in his department, in accordance with the regulations prescribed by Act of Congress, and an officer will at once proceed to open recruiting offices in Brooklyn.

We hope now to see the "American citizens of African descent" bestir themselves. This city ought to furnish several thousand able-bodied negroes for the service.—*Times.*

STATE OF NEW YORK,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
ALBANY, Nov. 24, 1863.

SIR: In answer to your inquiries about enlistment of blacks and the organization of regiments and companies, I have to say—

1st. That, under the State laws, the *bounty is paid to all, without distinction, who are mustered into the service of the United States, and for whom credits are given to New York under the President's call for troops.*

2d. As to the new organizations, I have no power to authorize any, either blacks or whites, which will be entitled to the benefits of the bounty given by the General government. The object at Washington is to fill up the ranks of the regiments in the field. If any new organizations for either white or black troops are made, they must be authorized by the War Department to entitle those who join them to the benefit of the money paid to volunteers. Yours, etc.,

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

To JAMES ROGERS, No. 421 Broadway, New York City.

THEOPHILUS IRONCLAD ON NEGRO ENLISTMENTS.

From The Nashville (Tenn.) Union.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Nov. 1, 1863.

To ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *President:*

DEAR SIR: Having taken the oath, I feel that I am a loyal citizen of the United States, so long as you may be able to hold Tennessee, and therefore at liberty to instruct you as to the policy to be pursued toward this State. I deeply deplore your late order to enlist colored troops in this State. It will exasperate the true Southern Rights people very much. It has exasperated me greatly, and unless I can get another contract, I may possibly pursue such a course as will make it necessary for me to take the oath again. Sir, your order is a death blow to all our rights, and undermines our freedom. You probably need more soldiers, although I doubt it. But if you do want more, why take our slaves instead of our white men? I have fifty able-bodied male slaves, worth at least $1,000 a-piece, and it will break me up, ruin me, if you take them and place them in the army. There are hundreds of poor "*white trash*," greasy mechanics, and hard-fisted mud-sills roving about Nashville, whom you ought to take. If poor white men are killed nobody is hurt, but if my slaves are taken I will lose *fifty thousand dollars!* Think of this, sir, and see the enormous radicalism of your policy. I believe that there are too many poor white men in Tennessee already, and it would be a positive benefit to us if you would clean them out by drafting them into the army; while, on the other hand, there are *not slaves enough.* The poor white men raise little or no cotton, and are of no use to the great commercial world. The slaves raise cotton, a commodity which brings about eighty cents per pound; so you can see how much more valuable negro slaves are to the State, as well as to the country at large, than poor white citizens. If this be so, it is plain that slaves should be saved from the casualties of war, so long as there is a white man to send to the field. Yes, sir, painful as it would be to see my sons drafted, I would rather give them up than my slaves. Your order is a death blow to slavery, and, sir, without slavery, neither the Union nor life itself is anything to me.

Respectfully, THEOPHILUS IRONCLAD.

THE BLACK REGIMENTS AND THEIR OFFICERS.

Washington, Nov. 16, 1863.—I have before me a private letter from a friend, now Major in one of the Pennsylvania colored regiments, a portion of which I think the public should find in your columns. He says, in speaking of service in his regiment:

"I am delighted with it. I find that these colored men learn everything that pertains to the duties of a soldier much faster than any white soldiers I have ever seen. The reason is apparent—not that they are *smarter* than white men, but they feel promoted; they feel as though their whole sphere of life was advanced and enlarged. They are willing, obedient and cheerful; move with agility, and are *full of music*, which is almost a *sine qua non* to soldierly bearing."

Soon after the letter of which the above is an extract was written, the regiment was ordered to the field, from which the Major writes again:

"The more I see and know of these negro regiments, the more I am delighted with the whole enterprise. It is truly delightful to command a regiment officered as these are. In all my experience I have never known a better class of officers. * * * * I have charge of the school of non-commissioned officers here. I drill them once a day and have them recite from the oral instructions given them the day before. I find them more anxious to learn their duties and more ready to perform them, when they know them, than any set of non-commissioned officers I ever saw. * * * There is no discount on these fellows at all. Give me a thousand such men as compose this regiment, and I desire no stronger battalion to lead against an enemy that is at once their oppressors and traitors to my and my soldiers' country."

This testimony is worth a chapter of speculation. The Major alludes to one fact above, moreover, to which the public attention has not been often directed—the excellent and able men who are in command of our colored troops. They are generally men of heart—men of opinion—men whose generous impulses have not been chilled "in the cold shade" of West Point.

The officer from whose letters I have quoted was a volunteer in the ranks of a Pennsylvania regiment from the day of the attack on Fort Sumter until August, 1862. His bravery, his devotion to the principles of freedom, his zeal in the holy cause of his country through all the abortive campaigns of the calamitous McClellan, won the regard and attention of our loyal Gov. Curtin, who, with rare good sense and discrimination, took him from the ranks, and made him, first, Lieutenant-Colonel, and then Colonel of a regiment in the nine months' service. He carried himself through all in such a manner as fully justified the Governor's confidence, and has stepped now into a position where his patriotic zeal can concentrate the valor of these untutored free men in defense of our imperilled country.

Another officer I knew—First Lieutenant in a company of the 55th Massachusetts—who, when Pope fell back upon the defenses of Washington, in his disastrous campaign, was in an honorable and lucrative position in this city, in the civil employ of the government. This position he resigned, and, shouldering his musket, he stepped into the ranks of the 12th Massachusetts Volunteers, and in twenty days thereafter had been through the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. In the latter conflict he was wounded, but did not leave his place in the ranks until the conflict was over. He was present in all the battles and skirmishes of the Army of the Potomac under Burnside and Hooker. Governor Andrew's commission came to him as he stood in line of battle at Aldie. Three days afterwards he had joined his regiment at Reading, Mass., and is now confronting the enemy on the coast of Carolina. This brave youth—a Plymouth boy and a child of Old Harvard—is worthy the honor conferred by the Governor, and so long as these brave colored men are officered by gallant, high-hearted, Slavery-hating, noble youth, such as the two I allude to above, we can never despair of the Republic.

"A REGULAR."

TWENTY NEGRO SOLDIERS HUNG.

From The Boston Traveller.

In Tuesday evening's *Traveller* it was stated that Lieut. Coleman and 20 privates (colored), captured in Louisiana, were hung by the rebels. They belonged, we understand, to Gen. Ullman's brigade, and were captured on a reconnoisance to Jackson, La., by Col. Logan's rebel cavalry. Lieut. Edwin Y. Brown, formerly of the Massachusetts 1st, also attached to this brigade, was taken prisoner at the same time. He lived in East Boston, and was a caulker by trade. His fate is unknown.

No report of this sort appeared in the N. O. papers.

GEN. THOMAS REVIEWING THE BLACK TROOPS IN LOUISIANA.

Goodrich's Landing, La., Monday, Nov. —, 1863.—Gen. Thomas having notified Gen. Hawkins this morning that he would review the troops, the time was fixed for 4 o'clock this afternoon. There were three regiments—Shepard's on the right, Crandall's in the centre, and Wood's on the left—all strongly represented. There is no need of particularizing. Suffice it to say, that they went through the preparatory movements remarkably well, and that they marched in review, by companies, as well as it could be done by any troops in this Department; and this is not only my opinion, but that of all the competent judges who were on the ground. I heard Gen. Thomas say that he had witnessed reviews that were by no means as good as this. By the way, let me give you the opinion of another very competent judge. Brig.-Gen. W. H. Smith, formerly of the Thirteenth Ohio, who, on stopping at the landing a few minutes last night, came up and witnessed the dress parade of the First Arkansas, Col. Wood. He said: "There is no regiment in this army that can perform a more creditable dress parade than that. It is as good as any I ever saw, except the Seventy ninth Pennsylvania. I used to think the Thirteenth Ohio could not be beaten, but the Seventy-ninth did it. This regiment is as good as mine." Remember that no soldier of the First Arkansas ever had a musket in his hand until a little over four months ago. The review of to-day, like every exhibition the black troops in this Department have made, either on parade, or review, or in battle, reflected unbounded credit both on the troops and their commanding officers. It is a great comfort to know that the efficiency and excellence of negro soldiers is established beyond doubt or peradventure, and the only wonder is that this has been done as rapidly as it has surely.—*N. Y. Times.* J. A. W.

YE PIMPLED, BLOTCHED AND ULCERATED VICTIMS of scrofulous diseases, who drag your unclean persons into the company of better men, take AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and purge out the foul corruption from your blood. Restore your health, and you will not only enjoy life better, but make your company more tolerable to those who must keep it.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, etc.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see the "Pen is Mightier than the Sword," on the fourth page.

Summary.

The three Quaker or other non-resistant conscripts from Vermont, and two from Massachusetts, have been "dismissed until called for," and sent home from the army of the Potomac, it being impossible to make soldiers of them.

Five youths entered a freight car at Cambridge, Massachusetts, for the purpose of stealing a ride. The car was soon afterwards closed and locked, and the train to which it was attached started North, and it was not until the expiration of nearly three days, when they were in the vicinity of Rouse's Point, that the boys were able to make their presence known. During all this time they had been without food, and the only rest obtained was on the hard floor. They were kindly cared for by the inhabitants and returned as far as Fitchburg by railroad, from which point they footed it to Cambridge, having been mysteriously absent from home about a week.

THE SPIRIT of Captain John Gleeson, late of this city, who died a prisoner of war in Richmond, and whose body was transferred to Greenmount Cemetery last Sunday with military honors, is worthy of imitation in these degenerate days. A rebel surgeon was commiserating his condition, just before his death, and regretting he could not have been exchanged to die at his home in Baltimore. Raising up on his feeble arm, he said in reply: "I would die a thousand deaths in these dungeons to save my government from submitting to the humiliating conditions of exchange proposed by traitors, by which my colored fellow-soldiers and their white captains are to be deprived of their rights as prisoners of war!"—*Balt. Cor. Eve. Post.*

MR. CHASE'S SPEECHES.—The eloquent and bold speeches of Mr. Chase, during his recent visit to Ohio to vote for John Brough and against Vallandigham, have been collected into a volume, together with his speeches at Indianapolis and that delivered at the mass meeting in Baltimore. It is printed in large type, by W. H. Moore of Washington, and published by the Union League Association of that city. The addresses abound in sound and statesman-like views of the affairs and prospects of the nation, and the speaker's eminent position in the government and his great influence in the cabinet give a peculiar value and importance to the opinions he expressed on these recent occasions.—*Eve. Post.*

THE PRESIDENT'S HYMN, written by Dr. Muhlenberg, of New York, was sung with fine effect in many of the New England churches on Thursday. We have heard of only a single instance of objection to the grand lyric. When it was announced in the First Presbyterian Church at Newburyport, one of the Copperhead deacons rose in his seat, and turning to the Chairman of the Music Committee who occupied an adjoining pew, inquired by what authority that hymn was to be sung. He was answered, "By the authority of the Committee"; whereupon he took his hat and indignantly left the church. It is to be hoped that he will not stop on his march until he reaches the confines of that Confederacy with which he is so noted a sympathizer.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.—Surpassingly fine as Mr. Everett's oration was in the Gettysburg consecration, the rhetorical honors of the occasion were won by President Lincoln. His little speech is a perfect gem; deep in feeling, compact in thought and expression, and tasteful and elegant in every word and comma. Then it has the merit of unexpectedness in its verbal perfection and beauty. We had grown so accustomed to homely and imperfect phrase in his productions that we had come to think it was the law of his utterance. But this shows he can talk handsomely as well as act sensibly. Turn back and read it over—it will well repay study as a model speech. Strong feelings and a large brain were its parents—a little pains-taking its accoucheur.—*Springfield Republican.*

COPPERHEAD DISTURBANCE IN ILLINOIS.—A dispatch from Springfield, Illinois, 24th ult., says: "Fifty-two copperheads who figured in the Scott County mob have been arrested, and are now in close confinement by the military authorities. Their opposition to the execution of the law by officers duly constituted to execute it has been open, and nothing short of hanging should be the verdict against them. The direct connection between the actors in these outrages and the leading Copperheads is marked and positive. The predictions repeatedly made to this effect are now fully confirmed. Captain Hicks, Provost-Marshal of the Jacksonville district, is here to-night. He informs me that when he left quiet was restored, and many of the mob had come forward, delivered up their arms and taken the oath."

THE COLORED CITIZEN.—This is the title of a paper just started by the colored people of Cincinnati. Whilst it will seek the promotion of the interests of all classes, it is to be specially devoted to those of the colored people of this city, where as it truthfully says, "Colored people are shamefully wronged." We consider the time for beginning such an enterprise auspicious. Americans, of African descent, are obviously about to occupy a very different position in this nation from what they have heretofore occupied. We rejoice to see them giving this evidence of a determination to qualify themselves for exercising intelligently the many new duties and privileges which are soon to be devolved upon them. It is a neat little sheet, and is in all respects creditable to the Committee conducting it. We wish it abundant success.—*Presbyterian Witness.*

AID FOR FREEDMEN.—A very large meeting was held last evening at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, under the auspices of the Freedman's Aid Society, to take measures for the education and relief of the freedmen in General Bank's department. Rev. Dr. Tyng presided, and delivered an address setting forth the objects of the meeting and the necessity which exists for an active movement. An interesting group of five children who had been found in slavery in New Orleans, was exhibited. Three of the children were perfectly white, and had brown hair. A negro, who bore upon his person many ugly evidences of the slave-driver's tyranny, together with his wife, completed the group. Colonel Hanks, superintendent of the negro labor department at New Orleans, who has been detailed by General Banks to make an appeal to the people of the North on behalf of the freedmen of the district of Louisiana, was then introduced, and gave a vivid picture of the horrors of slavery as it was found in Louisiana by the Union armies.—*Eve. Post.*

A RETURNED SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS NURSE.—*Dear Miss T——*: I set down to tell you that I've arove hum, an wish I was *sum whar else.* Ive got 3 hully boys an they ar helpin me about gettin the garden sass into the groun but they hain't got no mother an Ive got a house an a kow an I thort you'd be kinder handy to take care of um if you'd stoop so much. Ive thort of you ever sense I com from the hospittle an how kinder jimmy you used to walk up an down them wards. You had the best gait I ever see an my 1st wife stepped off jes so an she paid her way I tell you.

I like to work and the boys likes to work an I kno you do an so Ide like to jine if your no objections an now Ive made so bold to rite sich but I was kinder pushed on by my feelins an so I hope youl excuse it and rite soon. I shant be mad if you say no but its no harm to ask an as I sa I cant help ritin an the boys names ar Zeberlon Shadrac an peter they want to see you as dos your respectful friend which ges his present health to you. JOSEPH C——.

A COPPERHEAD AND A CRUTCH.—At one of the fashionable hotels in New York there boarded, last week, a weak and nasty Copperhead—one of the New England and so worst kind—and a chivalric spirited Major-General of the army, minus a leg, and hobbling about on his crutch. Fired by natural folly and a luxurious dinner, the former insulted the latter, as he was passing through the halls, with loud and coarse denunciations of the war, and all who fought on the loyal side in it. The cripple turned and faced the coward, demanding apology and retraction. They were denied. The man of crutch and soul then asked the name of the Copperhead traducer of his country and her patriots. With natural instinct a wrong one was given. Other words followed; another insult was added by the Copperhead; whereupon the hero of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg "shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won" by breaking it over the head of this degenerate son of Adam and of Amherst. The latter then sneaked off with at least one new idea in his head; and the next crippled soldier of the army he insults won't be Dan Sickles.—*Springfield Republican.*

RELIGION A BAD THING FOR SLAVES.—The Richmond *Whig* remarks upon the pernicious influence which religious instruction has upon the slaves in Virginia, and, by way of example, relates that—

"Upon the last appearance of the Yankees at Fredericksburg the only negroes who went off with them when they retired were those who belonged to, or were frequenters of, the African Church there. The negro Holland, noticed elsewhere as under arrest for writing passes for slaves to escape to the Yankees, was a 'pillar' in an African Church in this city, and a leader in the choir. At his room was found a music tuning fork, and a variety of music and prayer books."

This is bad for the Christian religion. These negroes don't seem to understand Paul and Onesimus as the Rev. Dr. Palmer does. They ought to establish a Bible Revision Society in Richmond, to eliminate from the Scriptures the anti-slavery element, which, no doubt, perverted the minds and hearts of these bondsmen.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE DESCENDANTS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.—The family divisions caused by the present war are forcibly illustrated by the effect it has had upon the descendants of the writer of the Declaration of Independence. Hon. Henry S. Randall, of Cortland Village, New York, author of a "Life of Jefferson," writing to a friend, says:

"Alas how his descendants are divided in this war! All his grandsons go with the South. George Wythe Randolph, late Confederate Secretary of War, is one of these—misled on this question, but a noble man. So is his elder brother, Thomas J. Randolph. Dr. Ben. Randolph I never met. All his granddaughters but one (she a resident of New York) are firmly for the Union, and so are their husbands, where they are married. Two of them have sons in our armies, who are liable any day to meet their kinsmen in battle. N. P. Trist, who married Virginia Randolph, is a devoted Union man. He has a daughter married to a Confederate. She stands up resolutely for the Union, and would if the scaffold was before her.

THE CHARGE AGAINST MR. GIDDINGS.—It seems that the trouble in Canada in which Mr. Giddings has become involved, grew out of the excessive zeal of one Jones, a Canadian detective. This man had found in Montreal two men who had been concerned in the New York riots, Burke and Lewis, and at once telegraphed to Mr. Kennedy of the New York police that he would bring them on. Mr. Kennedy telegraphed back that there was no indictment against Lewis; but Jones having seized his man, started without waiting either for a reply from Mr. Kennedy or for a requisition. When he reached New York, Lewis, who was known to the police there but was under no special charge, was dismissed of course and began to work up his grievance. Mr. Giddings had no part in the matter, except that being asked by Jones for some assurance that his services would be rewarded in New York, and knowing Jones to be a Canadian officer, he gave him a letter to Mr. Kennedy advising that the services should be paid for. Mr. Giddings does not appear to have suspected that Jones was acting without due authority, and the Montreal *Herald* exonerates him from anything more than a charge of indiscretion.

ARREST OF PROMINENT DISLOYALISTS IN MARYLAND.—The Baltimore *Sun* says: "A number of the prominent citizens of Anne Arundel County were arrested in Annapolis on Monday by the military authorities and brought to this city under guard and taken to the office of Colonel Fish, where they were paroled to report again this morning. The charges against them are disloyalty and refusing to take the oath of allegiance on the late election day in the State, viz., 4th of November. The following are their names: Ex-Governor Thomas G. Pratt, Colonel Joseph H. Nicholson, Nicholas Green, Clerk of Anne Arundel County Circuit Court; James Revell, State's Attorney for the same County; Mr. Miller, late reporter of the Maryland Court of Appeals; Robert W. Tate, Benjamin Watkins, William Tell Claude, W. H. McPorlin, G. W. Duvall, Edwin Boyle, B. Lougue, Dr. S. F. Owens, James E. Tate and D. Claude Handy. Thomas Franklin, formerly State Senator from Anne Arundel, was also arrested, but, owing to his age, was permitted to remain at Annapolis under guard. It was also stated that the members of the grand jury for Anne Arundel County had been arrested, and would be brought to this city under guard to-day."

THE NEGROES TAKING THE SOUTH CAROLINA LANDS.—Gen. Saxton, Military Governor of South Carolina, has taken means to secure the deserted plantations on the Sea Islands for the freed negroes. On the 3d he issued a circular, authorizing them to locate on the lands in that department which are about to be sold by the tax commissioners, not exceeding twenty acres for each head of a family. The description of the land, when located, to be accompanied by the deposit of the government price, about $1.25 per acre. The negroes are marking out their twenty-acre lots all over the department. On Beaufort island alone over two thousand dollars have been paid in by the freedmen to secure their homes. The idea that they can become landholders fills them with delight, and there is no doubt but the soil will be well cultivated. The negroes who bought lands last year have done well. One man, Kit Green, will clear more than two thousand dollars, and another, Henry Pope, nearly as much, from their cotton crops alone.

All the furniture left by the rebels at Port Royal is to be collected and sold at auction by a government agent. The houses are to be sold on the 18th of January, by the Tax Commissioners, to the highest bidder; and the plantations still held by government, which were bid in last Spring by the Commissioners, are also to be sold, those on Hilton Head Island on the 1st of December, and on the other islands in January. So decisive has been the success of the fortunate few who bought in March last that a good price is expected for the land soon to be sold. The average last Spring was only $1 an acre; now it is thought it will bring at least $5.

SOUTHERN TRAVELLERS IN SWITZERLAND.—Mr. Conway, writing to *The Commonwealth*, has the following paragraph in relation to the credit of Southern travellers in Switzerland:

Mr. Sumner's declaration concerning the friendship of Switzerland for the North has had some amusing illustrations during the past travelling season. It seems that there have been a vast number of persons of both sexes travelling there, and that they were met by most distressing misgivings in the minds of hotel-keepers as to their ability to pay. At Lucerne some Southerners wrote their name on the hotel registers very grandly, and the "Southern States" from which they hailed, and were informed that it was their invariable custom to require Southerners to pay in advance; they indignantly left, and went to another hotel, and were told by the landlord that he was more liberal to Southerners than others, and would let them have rooms if they would show him the color of their gold; indignantly they rushed to a third, and were told that slaveholders were not allowed there, whether they could pay or not. What assurances have occasioned this loss of pecuniary credit in Switzerland I do not know; but I have heard on good authority that the Southerners, to the number of twenty or thirty, who were travelling there in the Summer, at last patched up among themselves a kind of communist establishment, owing to the insulting suspicions and persecutions of the hotel keepers.

THE PROSPECT BRIGHT.—Neither the military nor the political situation is unpromising. People seem to think that if we can maintain ourselves where we are, in Texas, at Chattanooga, in East Tennessee, in Virginia, until the army is filled up, we are doing well enough for this Winter. Meanwhile the great work of reconstructing Southern society is not to be stopped by snow storms and snow-drifts,—no, nor by presidential and congressional blunders, though these may hinder it undoubtedly. But there is not going to be any attempt by President or Congress to stop the wheels of progress. Even Mr. Seward, to judge by his little speech at Gettysburg, is beginning to learn something. Mr. Bates is probably chewing upon the Missouri election, and Mr. Montgomery Blair wondering why the Marylanders did not take his advice the other day. Old Abe accepts results readily. Brown and Henderson answer his purpose very well, and if Gamble and Schofield and Bates cannot, even with Presidential aid, carry Missouri for Conservatism, it is little the President will care about it. Now for Kentucky! Major Stearns is on the border and looking over the fence. Before Winter is gone, he will have a recruiting office next door to the Louisville *Journal*, and then the whole question will be precipitated into the State—with what result everybody can guess. Butler is in Eastern Virginia, and we know that the slavery-reconstructionists will get no comfort from him. The elections go beautifully, North and South. They say the "conservatives" have carried North Carolina. A Southern "conservative" is next thing to a Northern "radical." These North Carolinians will be in full communion with Gratz Brown and Winter Davis and Jack Hamilton before many weeks, and these last are now yoke fellows with Chase and Sumner, and Wilson and Andrew.—*Boston Cor. Springfield Republican.*

THE WAR DEMOCRATS OF MASSACHUSETTS.—The loyal Democrats of Massachusetts are speaking out in decided terms against the policy of the opposition leaders, and in favor of the government and the war. At Malden, on Saturday night last, Mr. D. H. Mason, a leading Democrat, made an able speech urging the people to promptly respond to the call for volunteers, and declaring in favor of a determined effort to crush the rebellion, and all the peculiar institutions of rebeldom, if necessary for the perpetuity of the government and the nation. In Worcester, the same evening, Hon. Isaac Davis, up to the present time in full accord with the Democratic party, spoke at the war meeting as follows:

"Allusions have been made by the eloquent officer who has just taken his seat to the subject of slavery. I don't propose to say anything about that matter. It is an institution I abhor and loathe. As an institution it is between the upper and nether millstone, and will be ground to powder [great applause]. If this foul blot is erased we will forever shout 'glory!' 'hallelujah!' I have no sympathy for that patriot who will do nothing because Lincoln or his Cabinet do not do just right."

The northwestern Democrats who met at Chicago the other day would have done well to have spoken with the same pronounced voice as these Massachusetts loyalists. To do anything else is but to kick against the pricks, and achieve defeat and disgrace rather than honorable success.—*Evening Post.*

THE LATEST DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.—Some Western paper supplies the Democrats with a new set of resolutions, adapted to the changed tone of their organs since the elections, as follows:

Wareas, dimocrisy flurishes best wen It is successful; and wareas, it is a tender flower and don't bare the chillin frosts uv adversity much; and wareas, the peeple hev shode by the pekoolyer stile of ther votin that they dont like Vallandiggam nor his principples; and wareas, the peeple is uv moar yuse to us than Vallandiggam; therefors, be it

Resolved, That Vallindiggum never was a representativ uv the dimocratic ijee.

Resolved, That we do not endors his vews, or approve his acts, and nevur did.

Resolved, That onist old A. Linkin, by arrestin uv him, and thereby forcin uv us into committin polittikle sooside by nominatin uv him, wuz gilty of a heenus cin.

Resolved, That we aint ez much consarned about our habis corpusses ez we wuz afore the elecshun.

Resolved, That the war for the Union must go on, until its enemis is subjoogatid, and the banner of buty and glory waves over every stait and the dimocratic committus uv the varius staits be requested to procoor a suffishent number uv banners, and appint sub-committis to wave em.

Resolved, That we air in favur uv subjoogashen, emansipashen, confiscashen, taxashen, conscripshen, exterminashen, nigger enlistments, and ef ther is anythin else the peeple desire, let em write (post-pade) and weel pass the necessary resolushen.

"THE WHIP, HOE, AND SWORD.—Rev. Geo. W. Hepworth, of Boston, recently chaplain of a Massachusetts regiment in Louisiana, has a volume in press relating to his army experience. The following is an incident related by him illustrative of the elevating effect of paid labor upon the plantation slaves. He says:

"A gentleman below the city hired a new overseer, one who was obnoxious to the hands on account of his reputation. He was in the habit of wielding the whip pretty freely, and of using abusive language to the negro women. On the morning when he arrived to enter upon his duties, a delegation from the field hands waited upon the proprietor, and very respectfully stated their objections. When they had finished, he indulged in some very strong language—forgetting that times had somewhat changed—and bade them go about their business, for he would hire whomsoever he chose to be overseer. They remonstrated still further, saying that the hands could not work under such a man, but they would work cheerfully under anyone else. He dismissed them with an oath. The matter, however, did not end there. The delegation at once went to their cabins, packed up their little bundles, and started on the road to Fort Jackson. They knew that, once there, they could get employment. They had not gone far, however, before the master came to his senses. He was no longer the owner of mere chattels. Some change had come over slavery; and he was surprised to find that those whom he had so often stigmatized as 'things,' and counted at so much 'per head,' as he did his cows and hogs, were growing very rapidly into the likeness of men, 'who knew their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain.' He called them all back; told them they should have any overseer they wanted; upon which they unpacked their bundles, and went quietly to the field, as if nothing had happened."

THANKSGIVING IN THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON.—The holidays are always greatly enjoyed by the isolated community at the State Prison, under the present regime, and Thanksgiving is especially welcomed. The monotony of prison life is broken, food and employment are changed, and for a time the vapid existence of a convict becomes like that of the outside world. On Thursday at breakfast the men had sausages instead of the inevitable hash of meat or fish, and the rarity of milk in their tea. At 10½ o'clock they met in the chapel, and the chaplain read the proclamation of the President and Governor, and that of George Washington, issued seventy-six years ago, and also selections from the Scriptures. Prayer was offered by the same gentleman. The singing was by a choir of the convicts, the melodeon being played in excellent style by one of the mutineers of the ship Junior; one of the hymns which was sung being composed by another convict. The Warden was then introduced. He said he generally found one person in his audience who was much interested in his remarks on an occasion like this, and that was the fortunate man who, by the grace he was annually permitted to exercise by the Executive, was the recipient of a pardon. It was often difficult to determine who it should be, but this year he was sure all would agree he had made a right choice. He then announced the name of a convict who had been confined in prison for *twenty-one years and five months*, and an inmate here for *twenty years and two months*. During all this time he had never been reported for misconduct. He was now sixty-seven years old, and his family of sons and daughters had grown up respectable men and women, and a son was then in the office below awaiting to take his old father home to eat a Thanksgiving dinner with him and his family. Every one in the chapel was deeply affected and a buzz of approbation was heard when the Warden closed. The old man knew nothing of his good luck until his name was spoken, and he wept like a child. How changed the world has become since the heavy doors of the prison closed upon him twenty-one years ago. The men were then turned into the large yard and told they were to have unrestrained liberty for an hour. After three cheers for the Warden, they broke ranks; many engaged in kicking football, others in dancing, others sought old companions. The news from the seat of war was eagerly received (and it was good that day), and all seemed highly delighted with even this short liberty. It seemed hardly possible that those who are usually regarded as "roughs and rowdies" should behave so well, but not the slightest disorder or ill temper was shown, and at the first stroke of the bell they all fell into division again, and marched to their cells, each one taking his dinner as he passed the cookery. The dinner (as with many outside) is the event at the prison Thanksgiving day. The bill of fare consisted of fricaseed chickens, with vegetables in variety, plum pudding, crackers and cheese, etc., all in great abundance. The men are now eagerly engaged in making various articles for the Fair to be held next month for the benefit of wounded soldiers, and the leisure afternoon of yesterday was fully employed in this way. Many specimens of ingenuity and elegance have been already prepared, and a substantial addition to the funds is anticipated from the sales of this unique collection.—*Boston Journal.*

MARRIED.

EMERSON—GIBBONS.—On Wednesday, Nov. 25, in this city, after the order of the Society of Friends, WILLIAM EMERSON, JR., to SARAH H. GIBBONS, both of New York City.

Special Notices.

THE afternoon meeting of the Women's National League will be held at their office, room 20 Cooper Institute, Thursday afternoon of each week at 3 o'clock. Members, and all persons, men and women, wishing to coöperate in the work of the League—in rolling up Emancipation Petitions to Congress—are invited to attend.

Office open each day from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

A GENERAL EMANCIPATION ACT.—AARON M. POWELL and WENDELL P. GARRISON will address meetings at

Brunswick (Rens. Co.), N. Y., Wednesday, Dec. 9.
Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Thursday, Dec. 10.
Quaker Springs, N. Y., Friday, Dec. 11.
Troy, N. Y., Sunday, Dec. 13.
Little Falls, N. Y., Wednesday, Dec. 16.
Brocketts Bridge, N. Y., Thursday, Dec. 17.
Fairfield, N. Y., Saturday, Dec. 19.
Middleville, N. Y., Monday, Dec. 21.
Herkimer, N. Y., Tuesday, Dec. 22.

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The whole nation was excited, last Spring, by the revelations made before the President and the Cabinet at Washington, by the survivors of Gen. Mitchel's secret Railroad Expedition, sent into the heart of the Confederacy almost a year before. Of the twenty-two daring adventurers who penetrated the enemy's country, eight perished on the scaffold, and the others, after suffering untold hardships, finally succeeded in recrossing the lines and reaching the Union army. The survivors each received a medal of honor and other munificent rewards from the hands of the President.

The marvellous adventures of this band are recorded by one of their number, who is fully competent to the task. Their history, as narrated by him, possesses the connected interest of an epic poem. The scene is gradually developed, and the interest deepens from first to last. The reader will follow the daring adventurers, from their first midnight consultation, onward through their perilous journey, and will scarcely breathe during the progress of the terrible chase—the most exciting ever recorded in the annals of any country. The death-scene will draw tears from the eye of the sympathizing reader, while his cheek will burn with indignation at the cruelties practiced by heartless rebels. The style is a simple, unaffected one, rising with the occasion to the loftiest eloquence, and abounding in the tenderest pathos.

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Now, Killarney is not over praised—it is not praised half enough. Go there of a fine day when the lake is sleeping in the sunbeams, and the jealous mountain extends its shadowy veil to conceal its beautiful bosom from the intrusive gaze of the stranger. Go when the light silver vapor rises up like a transparent scarf, and folds the lofty summit of Mangerton till it is lost in the fleecy clouds of the upper regions. Rest on your oars and drift slowly down to the base of the cliff, and give utterance to the emotions of your heart, and say, 'Oh God, how beautiful!' and your voice will awaken the sleeping echoes from their drowsy caverns, and every rock, and every cavern, and every crag, and every peak of the mountain will respond to your feeling, and echo in a thousand voices, 'Oh God, how beautiful!'
—*Sam Slick*.

Deep in the mountain's shade, at rest,
Veiled like a bashful maiden's breast,
The silver lake, all peaceful lies,
Gazed on alone by starry eyes,
While rock and wood and gliding rill
Look down in shadowy beauty, till
The boatman drops his oar and cries,
"How beautiful, O God!"

Then, forth from moss-clad mountain height
And grottoed cell, the silent night
Hears how, as by a magic spell,
The wild, mysterious echo-swell
Gives back his words, as if a prayer]
Was heard and softly answered there,
And Nature cried in her delight,
"How beautiful, O God!"

ANCIENT WRITING MATERIALS.

Since rags became so scarce a commodity as to render thier importation from the continent, and even from the far East, a matter of mercantile speculation, the inventive genius of man has been busily engaged seeking out substitutes for rags. In making paper out of straw, art is but returning in some measure to the employment of vegetable substances, not unlike those on which the first rude hieroglyphics were engraved, with this difference, that the material undergoes a lengthened preparation. As the archæologist has divided the various epochs of man's occupation on the earth according to the nature of the tools he employed, into the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and the Iron Age, so may we discover in the different materials of which books have been constructed, distinct eras of the world.

There appears reason to believe that in the history of every nation there has been a time when painted figures of the object wished to be expressed were the only means of carrying on written communications; as witness the monuments of Egypt and Assyria, and the paintings of the more modern Mexicans. The most ancient form of book is said to have been, the roll or volume of tanned skins; these were goat or calf skins, tanned very soft, and dyed either red or yellow. Each individual skin was tacked to the succeeding one, till the whole made up a roll of a hundred feet or more. On this material are written the copies of the law found in the synagogues, these ancient leathern rolls of the Pentateuch being some of the oldest manuscripts extant. It is probable, however, that the practice still met with in the East of writing upon palm-leaves has been followed from the earliest ages, but that as such material was very perishable, they were only employed for writing letters on, or making temporary memoranda, and that when it was desired to construct a work whose contents might be transmitted to posterity a book of leather was adopted.

To the same primeval period must be referred the construction of books made out of the inner rind or bark of trees, from whence are derived the Latin word *liber*, and the Greek word *biblos*, a book. Among the Romans, the inner bark of the linden or teil tree was chiefly employed for this purpose; while among our Saxon ancestors, there is reason to suppose that the beach or *buech*—from whence the Saxon word *boc* and the English *book* are derived—was the tree from which they cut their bark tablets. It was not only the bark that was employed, but also the heart wood of the tree, cut into tablets, and strung together with a cord. These were called codices, and were engraved or inscribed with the subject wished to be transmitted by the writer, but like the Mosaic tables of stone on which were written the ten commandments, were reserved chiefly for legal documents, from whence the word code has come to imply a system of laws. Among savage races at the present day will occasionally be found copies of the Gospels painted on tablets of bark or wood, and we learn that a curious library of this description was discovered some time ago among the Kalmuck Tartars. The books were exceedingly long and narrow, the leaves very thick, being made of the bark of trees, smeared over with double varnish, and the writing was white on a dark ground.

We can easily understand that tablets of wood having once come into use, men would immediately look round them for something still more suitable, from which the writing could be effaced and again renewed, and that tablets of beaten lead and ivory would supplant those of wood, in turn to be surpassed by the well-known wax-tablet and style of classic story. These last were made of wood, covered with a thin layer of colored wax, on which the writing was easily impressed by an iron needle or style, and could again as easily be effaced, by smoothing over the surface with the reverse or blunt end. The iron style, so absolutely necessary for scratching on leaden or brass tablets, became, unfortunately, on some occasions a fatal weapon of attack with which to close an argument that neither words nor writing could settle; its use was, in consequence, forbidden, and styles were constructed of wood, bone, or ivory, quite suitable for etching on wax tablets. Julius Cæsar, when attacked by the conspirators, having no weapon at hand, used his style, with which he wounded one of them in the arm.

To impale a disputative opponent on the point of the pen was in those days no literary figure, since we read that one Cassianus, a Christian schoolmaster, while carrying on an argument with his pupils, so incensed the latter, that they arose and dispatched him with their styles. Oxford, too, can boast that one of her first professors, a certain John Scott, suffered martyrdom in this singular manner, if not for Protestantism, at least for denying the real presence in the Eucharist. Being a learned man, and well versed in Latin and Greek, he travelled on the continent for the purpose of visiting the various seats of learning, and was well received at the court of Charles the Bald, by whose wish he translated some Greek authors into Latin. Unfortunately, his writings were condemned by the pope as heretical; and fleeing from France, he took refuge in an English monastery, where even the sacredness of the edifice and the land of his birth were unable to protect him, for the church, determined on his death, instigated the monks to rise against him, and kill him with their styles.

In time, the use of leather skins and tablets passed away, and paper made from the papyrus, came to be the substance on which manuscripts were written or printed. We cannot give any exact date as to the first employment of the papyrus, but it is known to have been in general use for at least three or four hundred years before the Christian era, and to have retained its position as a material for manuscripts till the seventh or eighth century, when it was supplanted by parchment and other substances. That it had been in use from the earliest ages in Egypt, as a material on which to inscribe a scroll or genealogical record is well known to all who have heard of the Turin papyrus of the kings, as old as the eighteenth century B.C., or of those papyri written in the reign of Menepthah II. (the Sesostris of most writers who flourished 1340 B.C.); but it was not till the formation of the Alexandrian Library was begun (283 B.C.) that the papyrus became generally applied to the purpose of books or rolls. The stimulus given to the manufacture of this article by the collection of 700,000 volumes in the Alexandrian Library, and the general demand which existed for it in all civilized countries, caused it to become one of the chief exports of Egypt, and a staple branch of commerce in the Mediterranean Sea. The mode of preparing it was as follows: "The fibrous coats of the plant were peeled off the whole length of the stem; one layer of fibres was then laid across another upon a block, and being moistened, the glutinous juice of the plant formed a cement sufficiently strong to give coherence to the fibres when greater solidity was required, a size made from bread or glue was employed. The two films being thus connected, were pressed, dried in the sun, beaten with a broad mallet, and polished with a shell. It was then cut into the various lengths required for use." Still it was but a rough and unfinished fabric, and it was not until it became generally employed at Rome, that the artists of that city managed to give it something of the smoothness and whiteness of paper. Even then, like the rice-paper made by the Chinese of the present day, its texture was so brittle that the greatest care was needed in handling it; and to remedy this, the copyists of the early centuries after Christ inserted a parchment page between every five or six of the papyrus, in order to give the weaker substance strength and durability. To this circumstance alone do we owe it that many of the manuscripts of the seventh and eighth centuries have been handed down to our own time. Doubtless the number of those now extant would have been far greater but for the unfortunate destruction by fire of the Ptolemian Library, during the expedition of Cæsar to Egypt. On the ashes of this library arose another, which did not, however, equal its predecessor in size and splendor, and which met with a similar fate at the hands of the Saracens under the Calif Omer in 650.

When these savage hordes from the East overran the civilized land of Egypt, a stop was put to the manufacture of the papyrus; and parchment, which had been gradually brought to greater perfection, superseded it. The decline of the papyrus, and the general employment of parchment, date from the eighth or ninth century. Perhaps the largest collection of papyri in the world is that which exists in the Vatican, where one particular chamber is called the papyrus room, from the immense collection of these old manuscripts.

It is alleged that the origin of parchment was due to an embargo having been laid on the further exportation of papyrus by one of the Ptolemies, who was afraid of being rivalled by the magnificence of the collection made by Eumenes, son of Attalus, king of Pergamus (a collection which amounted to 200,000 volumes), which latter prince, in consequence, had recourse to the manufacture of this material, which took its name from the capital city; but it is more than probable, that as men advanced in civilization, endeavors were made to improve upon the rough leather-rolls, and that parchment was the result.

This substance, for long called *Pergamena*, has proved to be one of the most indestructible materials ever manufactured. There are manuscripts of it alleged to be as old as the fourth century, and certainly many of the sixth and seventh, that have outlived the monasteries in which they were found, nay, possibly were penned in others, the very stones of which have crumbled into dust, while the writing of the laborious monk is as clear and fair on its pages as if they were inscribed but yesterday.

Parchment being sometimes very scarce, the copyists of the middle ages adopted the plan of taking old manuscripts of that material, scratching out their contents, and penning them over again with some more recent production. These were called palimpsests; and very frequently the recent writing was some fabulous story or a detail of the miracles of some pious saint, for the conveyance of which worthless trash to posterity, valuable works had been erased. Numbers of these may be found in the National Library of France and in the Vatican; in many instances, the new writing has totally effaced the old, but sometimes the original has resisted all the efforts of washing or erasing; and in this way have been recovered invaluable manuscripts of the Holy Scriptures and classic literature. This practice was so common in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, that if the books of that age are examined, there will be found as many written on erased as on new parchment.

In the library of the Vatican, just alluded to, are some very old parchment manuscripts, one roll, two hundred and seventeen feet long, and thirty-three inches broad, contains the Pentateuch in Hebrew, attributed to the ninth century; while another, supposed to be even older than the fourth century, is a copy of Virgil, written in capitals, on nine hundred folio pages.

These palimpsests, and the copying of ancient books, were the work principally of monks, in whose religious houses one room, called a *scriptorium*, was particularly set apart for that purpose. Their mode of writing varied not only in character, but in legibility, some aiming at a swift handwriting, the *tachygraphoi*; others at a clear fair hand, the *kalligraphoi*. Though generally the work of monks, men of rank did not occasionally disdain to devote their leisure to copying books; and Montfaucon tells us that in the lists of copyists are many of the names of the nobles of the Constantinopolitan empire. A certain feeling of being employed in a good work seems to have impelled the writers to prosecute the task of copying out these parchments, since they generally finished by saying: 'This book, copied by M. R., for the benefit of his soul, was finished in the year, etc. May the Lord think upon him.' At other times, an anathema was pronounced at the end of the book against any who should alter or falsify it, as we see in Revelation; much in the same way as the Mohammedan places the name of God at the beginning of a book, in the belief that the reverence inspired by the name will afford protection to everything on which it appears. The form of books seems to have been originally square; the sheets were folded into three or four plies, and stitched separately; they were then fastened together much in the same manner as is practised in the present day, and were covered with linen, silk, or leather. Sometimes the page was undivided, at others, it contained two, or even three columns. In the earlier days, punctuation there was none, and each word was joined to the other, no separation existing between them. Many of the books were brilliantly illuminated with gold and silver, blue and vermilion, and must have been made the subject of devout and untiring energy, before the writer could have evolved the flowery initials, figures, and ciphers which grace the margins of the book, and the commencement of paragraphs.

As long as books were written on scrolls of parchment, it was usual to have a cylinder or staff attached, round which to roll them, in the same way as we do with maps. The parchment was written on but one side, and at each end of the cylinder was a nob or ball, often carved or adorned with ivory, gold, and precious stones, by which to roll up the scroll. In the East, it was customary to incase these rolls in an elegant cover or wrapper, and to inscribe on it a title indicating the general tenor of their contents.

Manuscripts are occasionally to be met with printed on human skin—these are either Mexican or Peruvian. One of the former is to be met with in the library of Vienna, beautifully executed in colored figures, and a second in the library at Dresden, containing a fragmentary history of the incas of Peru.

Another material on which books used to be executed was vellum, but so expensive was this substance, that it has been estimated that probably not more than two or three thousand works were ever issued on this fabric. Of the date of its first use, we are uncertain; but a very beautiful specimen of it, in the shape of a Roman breviary, printed at Venice in 1478, may be met with in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. This is a large folio volume, consisting of four hundred and one pages of the finest vellum, thin, and beautifully white. The printing, which is done in red and black ink, the former unglazed, the latter shining like varnish and extremely deep in color, is so smoothly and sharply executed, that it may compare with any of our copperplate-printing of the present day. Other works, however, of a much older date, printed on this material, are to be met with on the continent; as copies of Pliny and Justin in the library of Göttingen, belonging to the thirteenth century; but more particularly the Codex Aureus in the library of Stockholm, a copy of the Evangelists, written on purple vellum, alleged to be as old as the ninth century, and deriving its name from the large number of letters of gold interspersed through its pages. This, too, is in its turn surpassed by an imperfect copy of the Evangelists, deposited in the library of Upsal, written in gold and silver letters on vellum, and ascribed to Ulphilas, bishop of the Goths, who flourished under the Emperor Valens, about the year 370.

That fabric which immediately preceded and led to the employment of linen or cotton rags in the manufacture of paper, was the *Charta bombycina*, or cotton-paper, often improperly called silk-paper, which appears to have been used in Greece and the East as early as the ninth century, soon after the time that the manufacture of papyrus had been almost wholly destroyed by the irruption of the Saracens. The manufacture of this paper still continues in the East, where a very pretty fabric is made of it; and old copies of the Evangelists, printed on this substance, as early as the ninth century, may be met with in some of the continental libraries.

In the beginning of the fourteenth century, mills for the manufacture of paper, from linen and cotton rags, were erected on the continent, from whence this branch of industry rapidly spread to our own country, and very soon vellum, parchment, and papyrus became obsolete in the hands of the printer, and were removed as curiosities to the shelves of the librarian.

We cannot close this description of the materials of ancient books without mentioning two rare curiosities in biblical construction. One which was neither written nor printed, entitled *The Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, with figures and characters composed in no material*, was made of the finest folio vellum, in which all the letters were cut out; and a leaf of blue paper being inserted between each page, it was read as easily as if it had been printed. We are told that this singular work was so highly valued by Rudolph II. of Germany, that he offered 11,000 ducats for it. It once belonged to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is still supposed to be in France, though probably an English production, from its bearing the royal arms of England.

Perhaps, however, the most singular material for book-making ever proposed was that suggested by Signior Castagnatta, and partially carried out by Professor Burkman of Brunswick—asbestos. It was proposed to make the leaves and boards of this substance, the latter somewhat thicker than the former, to sew the work with asbestos thread, and print the contents in letters of gold, so that the whole being totally indestructible, would merit the appellation of the Book of Eternity.

A word or two on the subject of pens and ink as used by the copyists and ancient writers. Apart from the style already alluded to, and which was not so much employed for writing as etching or engraving, the common pen of the ancients, called a calamus, was made from a reed of the Nile. Not but that the suitableness of quills for writing was known, but preference was shown for the calamus made from the reed. Occasionally, the calamus was made of gold or silver, but these were used only by people of rank. The usual accompaniments of the calamus on the writing-desk of the copyist were a knife to trim the pen, compasses for measuring the distances between the lines, and scisssors for cutting the paper. The Greeks and Romans greatly surpassed us in the variety and hue of their inks—black, red, purple, blue, green, gold, and silver being all found in the ancient manuscripts and works. The black, which in most of the old writings has become tawny or deep red, or sometimes vermillion—not faint and yellow, as with us—has occasionally, even in those of a great age, retained its pristine gloss and darkness, but it is supposed that in that case it has contained either powdered burned ivory or hard wood mixed with gum, which has formed a pigment thicker, no doubt, and less fluent than our modern ink, but much more durable. The lighter kind of black, again, is believed to have been the black liquor taken from the cuttle-fish.—*Chambers's Journal.*

SHE DEFINES HER POSITION.

BY ELIZA S. RANDOLPH.

Lingering late in garden talk,
My friend and I, in the prime of June,
The long tree-shadows across the walk
Hinted the waning afternoon;
The bird-songs died in twitterings brief;
The clover was folding, leaf on leaf.

Fairest season of all the year,
And fairest of years in all my time;
Earth is so sweet, and heaven so near,
Sure life itself must be just at prime.
Soft flower-faces that crowd our way,
Have you no word for us to-day?

Each in its nature stands arrayed:
Heliotropes to drink the sun;
Violet-shadows to haunt the shade;
Poppies, by every wind undone;
Lilies, just over-proud for grace;
Pansies, that laugh in every face.

Great blowsed Peonies, half adoze;
Mimulus, wild in change and freak;
Dainty flesh of the China Rose,
Tender and fine as a fairy's cheek;
(I watched him finger the folds apart
To get at the blush in its inmost heart.)

Lo, at our feet what small blue eyes!
And still, as we looked, their numbers came
Like shy stars out of the evening skies,
When the east is gray, and the west is flame.
—"Gather yourself, and give to me,
Those Forget-me-nots," said he.

Word of command I take not ill;
When love commands, love likes to obey.
But, while my words my thoughts fulfil,
"Forget me not," I wilt not say.
Vows for the false; an honest mind
Will not be bound, and will not bind.

In your need of me I put my trust,
And your lack of need shall be my ban;
'Tis time to remember when you must;
Time to forget me, when you can.
Yet cannot the wildest thought of mine
Fancy a life distuned from thine.

. . . Small reserve is between us two;
'Tis heart to heart, and brain to brain;
Bare as an arrow, straight and true,
Struck his thought to my thought again.
"Not distuned; one song of praise,
First and third, our lives shall raise."

Close we stood in the rosy glow,
Watching the cloudland tower and town;
Watching the double Castor grow
Out of the east as the sun rolled down.
"Yonder, how star drinks star!" said he;
"Yield thou so; live thou in me."

Nay, we are close—we are not one,
More than those stars that seem to shine
In the self-same place, yet each a sun,
Each distinct in its sphere divine.
Like to Himself art thou, we know;
Like to Himself am I also.

What did He mean, when he sent us forth,
Soul and soul, to this lower life?
Each with a purpose, each a worth,
Each an arm for the human strife.
Armor of thine is not for me;
Neither is mine adjudged by thee.'

Now in the lower life we stand,
Weapons donned, and the strife begun;
Higher nor lower; hand to hand;
Each helps each with the glad "Well done!"
Each girds each to nobler ends;
None less lovers because such friends.

So in the peace of the closing day,
Resting, as striving side by side,
What does He mean? again we say;
For what new lot are our souls allied?
Comes to my ken, in Death's advance,
Life in its next significance.

See yon tortoise; he crossed the path
At noon, to hide where the grass is tall;
In a slow half sense of the sun-king's wrath,
Burrowing close to the garden wall.
—Think, could we pour into that dull brain
A man's whole life, joy, thought, and pain!

So, methinks, is the life we lead,
To the larger life that next shall be:
Narrow in thought, uncouth in deed;
Crawling, who yet shall walk so free;
Walking, who yet on wings shall soar;
Flying, who shall need wings no more.

Lo, in the larger life we stand;
We drop the weapons, we take the tools:
We serve with mind who served with hand;
We live by laws who lived by rules.
And our old earth-love, with its mortal bliss,
Was the fancy of babe for babe, to this.

. . . . Visions begone! Above us rise
The worlds, on His work majestic sent.
Floating below, the small fireflies
Make up a tremulous firmament.
Stars in the grass, and roses dear,
Earth is full sweet, though heaven is near.

—*Continental Monthly.*

SANSON THE EXECUTIONER.

In *The Indipendento* of Naples, M. Alexandre Dumas has just published, under the title of "Memoires do Monsieur de Paris," a curious recital which we subjoin: "I had read," says that writer, "in many narratives of the death of Louis XVI., that he refused to ascend the scaffold, that it was found necessary to use force, and that a struggle took place between him and the executioner's assistants. This incident seemed to me so contrary to the character of the King that I was anxious to ascertain the truth, if possible, and, for that purpose, resolved to apply to Monsieur de Paris himself, who was the son of Sanson, who guillotined Louis XVI.; he was only twelve or fourteen years old at the time, and, as he was present on the scaffold, he must certainly remember all that took place on that memorable occasion. But I wanted some excuse for calling on him, which I soon found; so one evening I went to Sanson's house to purchase a pot of the ointment which he sold as a cure for rheumatic pains, and which, according to popular report, was made of human fat. I was introduced to Mr. Sanson's business room, and found him engaged in looking over accounts, and in an adjoining room I heard a piano played with considerable skill. M. Sanson rose on my entrance, and having heard what I wanted, he told his servant to fetch the ointment. I asked the price, and he replied that it depended on circumstances, as he gave it gratis to the poor, and sold it for 10*f.* to those who could afford to pay for it. I gave him the money, and was hesitating how to introduce the subject which was the real cause of my visit, when Sanson, perceiving that I had something more to say, remarked: 'I hardly dare ask you to take a seat.' To which I replied that I would willingly do so, and at once sat down, and said, 'M. Sanson, I see that you suspect the pot of ointment to be only a pretext, and that you wish me to explain what more I have to say.' 'You want to ask me something, I suppose, sir. If so, speak; for the happiest days of my life are those in which men of the world do me the honor to converse with me.' I then told him who I was, and after an exclamation of surprise he eagerly requested to know what he could do to oblige me. 'You can clear up,' I said, 'an historical doubt. You were present at the execution of Louis XVI?' 'I was.' 'And you remember it perfectly?' 'I do.' 'Well, sir, some historians say that at the foot of the scaffold Louis XVI. shrank from death; that he struggled with the executioners, and was in a manner lifted on to the scaffold. For my part, I do not believe the statement, as it was contrary to his character and temperament.' 'There is, nevertheless, some truth in it'; replied the other, as 'Louis XVI. did struggle violently for a moment with my father's assistants, and for the reason I am about to explain. You are aware that Louis XVI. was conveyed to the place of execution in his own carriage, and without being pinioned. Before he ascended the steps the executioner's assistants, fearing he might struggle at the last moment, wished to bind his hands with a cord; but this indignity roused all the pride still surviving in the unhappy monarch, and he resisted, exclaiming, 'No, no; I will never submit to that.' The men were about to use force, when my father stepped forward, and taking from his pocket a handkerchief, said in a tremulous voice and with tearful eyes, 'With this handkerchief, sire?' Louis XVI. had not heard himself called sire for six months before. He looked at my father, saw his tears, and at once held out his hands, which my father tied with the handkerchief. The rest passed as related by the historians.' Having obtained Sanson's permission to ask a few other questions, I requested to know whether it was true that the office he held was hereditary and obligatory in his family. 'No sir,' he replied, 'but in the absence of a positive law, there is the law of proprieties. What profession but his father's can the son of an executioner follow? I await your other questions?' My next inquiry was whether it was true that he could not have a carriage except on condition that his name should be inscribed on the doors. 'There is no obligation,' replied he; 'but such is the custom. Should you like to see how we elude it in practice?' Having answered in the affirmative he said that he would take me down to see the carriage, and accordingly ordered the servant to bring a lantern. While the man was gone, Sanson said that his daughter would never forgive him if he allowed me to leave without her seeing me, and was about to fetch her when I remarked that I would rather go to her in the drawing-room. He seemed pleased with my proposal, and we went there. On entering the room, we found her seated at the piano. She was a fair girl of about eighteen, with blue eyes, and a rather melancholy expression of countenance. 'My dear,' said Sanson, 'here is a gentleman whom you think much of; knowing all your admiration for him I would not let him leave without doing you the honor to embrace you.' She looked embarrassed and blushed quite red. 'First of all, father,' said she, with some confusion, 'I wish to know the gentleman's name.' He replied, 'You shall know it afterwards, for if I told you first it is you that would embrace him.' 'Oh, father!' she exclaimed, in a tone of reproach. I then embraced her, after which she looked inquiringly at her father, who said, 'Well! he is M. Alexandre Dumas.' She then dropped on a chair, and sat looking at me as if amazed. 'Look at him well, girl, said the father, with that melancholy accent which was habitual to him, 'for it is probably the first and the last time you will ever behold him!' This little scene made such an impression on me that fifteen years later I attempted to reproduce it in the novel of 'La Reine Margot.' We then went down to the coach-house, in which were two or three carriages. Sanson took me to the handsomest, and showed me the escutcheon on the door; it presented a broken bell argent, on a red ground, and under it as a motto were the words, 'Sans Son,' being a pun on the family name. Having learned all I wished to know, I now expressed my thanks to M. Sanson and took my leave."

BIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISHMAN 120 YEARS OLD.

Robert Bowman was born at Bridgewoodfoot—a small farm-house near the river Irthing, and about two miles from his residence at Irthington—about Christmas time, and some years before his baptism, which he remembered. He was of middle height, and well built, with a large chest. When young, he was rather stout and very strong, considering himself a good wrestler. He was fond of amusements and rather partial to cock-fighting. His parents both died when he was very young, but he remembers them. He said he recollected the rebellion of 1715, had heard much about it, and seen some men running away. When trying his memory, Dr. Barnes asked him "If he had ever heard of the battle of Waterloo, or of Bonaparte?" He answered that "he had heard too much of Bonaparte; that he was a bad character, and at best only a coward; for as soon as he found himself in danger, he ran away." Dr. Barnes having heard that he had worked in the trenches around Carlisle during the rebellion of 1745, and escaped from them, reminded him that he had himself done the same thing. Laughing heartily he confessed that he remained among the soldiers only one night, and ran away as soon as he could. He remembered when barley was sold at three shillings the Carlisle bushel, and oats at eighteen pence; when butter was three pence a pound, and eggs were a penny the dozen. Wheat and potatoes had not, he thought, been then brought into Cumberland. Meat and tea were then luxuries for wealthy tables. Farmers and yeomen on market-days did their business in public-houses, drinking glasses of ale or spirits over their bargains.

Mr. Robert Bowman was always a "top-worker" on a sober diet. He had no regular hours, retiring and rising sometimes at one hour and sometimes at another, just as he felt sleepy; and some nights he was never in bed at all. As he slept when sleepy, he ate when hungry, omitting a meal one day, and on another eating four or five meals. Milk, hasty pudding, potatoes, bread, broth, an egg, a bit of meat, anything his family were taking, formed his food. He was always plainly but warmly and comfortably clad. He was never drunk but once in his life, and that was at a wedding, when his friends deceived him in regard to the strength of his liquor. He never took snuff or smoked tobacco. He was twice ill during the course of his life, once when very young, and he had the measles; a second time when over a hundred, when he had the whooping-cough along with one of his grand-children who slept with him. Although he suffered several times from severe accidents, he never had a medical attendant, and never took a dose of medicine in his life.

Bowman did not spare himself what would generally be deemed excessive and imprudent exposure and fatigue. He prided himself, as I have said, on being what he called "a top-worker." Having often occasion to go for lime or coals, he generally on these occasions slept in the open air all night. Even when eighty years of age he worked daily, during part of the Summer season, in a peat moss a few miles from Irthington, and, rather than lose time by returning home, he would let his horse loose upon the common and sleep through the night in his cart. The story is told of a Scotch Highlander who had been persuaded by his women-folks to buy an umbrella, and was met in a shower of rain with it carefully kept out of the wet under his coat. This Cumberland farmer must have cared as little for the rain as the Scotch Highlander. If he got wet in the field or on the road, he seldom changed his clothes, taking to some hard work, such as thrashing in the barn, until they got dry. When in the one hundred and eighth year of his age, he still applied himself to all kinds of farm labor, hedging, reaping, haymaking, gathering and mounting stacks of corn and hay. In his hundred and ninth year he walked to Carlisle from Irthington and back again in one day with his staff under his arm; a distance of about sixteen miles.

Bowman married at the age of fifty. When asked why he was so late in marrying, he answered, "I never thought much about getting a wife, and how I got one I do not know. I think it was by mere accident. By his marriage at the age of fifty he had six sons, and lived to see them all old enough to be themselves grandfathers. He had himself three great grand-children. His wife was twenty-one years younger than himself, and died at the age of eighty-one, when he was one hundred and two. On his marriage he took a small farm, for which he paid a rent of five pounds a year, and, by dint of working hard and saving hard, he scraped together money enough to buy a small estate, upon which he lived the remainder of his life.

For forty years before his death Bowman had not a tooth in his head. Septuagenarians whom I have known have been dreadfully alarmed on losing their teeth, becoming despondent, and persuading themselves more and more that without teeth they could not masticate their food, and that unmasticated food is indigestible. They forget that mastication is not needed for a considerable variety of food, including, among other excellent things, milk, eggs, soup and gravy. When one hundred and fifteen, the brown hair of Bowman had become white, but his skin was soft and delicate, neither wrinkled nor shrivelled, and his face appeared plump, round, and rather florid. His sight was so good that he never wore glasses. Of a very limited education, he had not worn his eyes much by reading; on the contrary, feeding his mind on the news of the village and neighborhood, the changes and improvements going on around him, walking to see the foundation laid of the new bridge, and inquiring particularly about the canal, at Carlisle. Failing sight, like the loss of teeth, being one of the causes of the despondency of persons in the decline of life, it may be well to record here that no instrument in the human machine has such powers of recovering itself as the organ of vision. I was once driven by a shower of rain into a cabaret on the banks of the Seine. The only guests were myself and an octogenarian who was reading the newspaper without glasses. I congratulated him on the excellence of his eyes. He replied, "I am eighty-six, my eyesight decayed many years ago from excessive reading by artificial light, and I used every kind of spectacles I could get, until at last I could not see to read with any. For many years I never tried to read. At last one day, about ten years ago, I chanced to look upon a newspaper, and, to my great surprise, I could see the print. I have read ever since; and I can see as well as ever I could." This case is far from being a solitary case of sight recovered by rest. Bowman's hearing was so good, that when he was one hundred and fourteen he could hear the ticking of a watch which hung in the window several yards off. His sense of smell was extremely acute. This circumstance is of far greater importance than might be supposed, for it would make him a man always careful to avoid foul air, and anxious to breathe pure air.

An account of Bowman's latter years and death was contributed to a recent number of *The Border Magazine* by Dr. Barnes, forty years after the publication of his first sketch in the Edinburgh *Philosophical Journal*. Mr. Bowman slept well during the night, and sometimes during the day. A Salisbury physician, who died last year over ninety, and father of the Royal Society, answered, when asked what he had done to live so long, "I have always slept all the sleep I could get done." Thirty years ago a book on the "Duty and Advantages of Early Rising" had some vogue, containing the most pernicious views on sleep as if it were a sort of sensual indulgence, like drunkenness or gluttony. But, during sleep, the nerves derive their nourishment from the blood; and the great nervous centres, and the brain especially, are sound or unsound in proportion as they are nourished by sleep.

Dr. Barnes "has seldom been in the company of any one, whether old or young, who enjoyed better spirits." Mr. Bowman was a happy man. Old folks, finding their own senses and faculties impaired and deadened, generally complain of the disagreeable changes and growing degeneracy of the times. Bowman did nothing of the kind; being cheerful, good-humored, and easily satisfied. The perfect state of his senses and faculties kept him from finding fault with the habits or manners, or with the changes of the successive generations he saw around him. And this is the universal remark respecting all very old men. All these five or sixscore men have been merry men. They passed their century joking.

"Your merry heart goes all the way,
Your sad one tires in a mile—a."

A good conscience is the soul of a right cheerful tongue. It is doubtful, from the difference of testimonies, whether they have all been sober in eating and drinking, or well regulated in their social instincts; but the evidence is without a flaw or an exception, which proves them to have been men who slept soundly and laughed heartily.

No veil need be drawn over the closing scene of the life of this notable man. Not from indisposition, but for comfort, he took to his bed several years before his death, during the cold of a severe Winter; and he kept it because he was better there than anywhere else. He resided with one of his sons upon his own estate, the fruit of his industry. Three months before his death, without any cause, he began to fancy that the family were less attentive to him than formerly. His bodily health continuing good until the last day or two, his mental faculties declined gradually, and then rather suddenly, without pain and without suffering, the powers of life gave way, and he died on the evening of Friday, June 18, 1823. He died one hundred and seventeen years and eight months after his baptism; an event which he remembered, and he was therefore, most probably, at least in his one hundred and twentieth year. An oak, said to be six hundred years old, the oldest tree in Cumberland, and the last of Inglewood Forest, fell by a strange coincidence upon the day on which Mr. Robert Bowman died; the oldest tree and the oldest man fell together.—*All the Year Round.*

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

OUR BABY.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

Did you ever see our baby—
Little Tot?
With her blue eyes sparkling bright,
Luscious cheeks of rose and white,
Lips of glowing ruby light,
Tell you what,
She is just the sweetest baby
Of the lot.

You don't think so? You ne'er saw her!
If you could,
'Mong her pretty playthings clattering,
While her little tongue was chattering,
And her nimble feet a pattering,
Think you would
Say with me she was the sweetest,
If you should.

Every grandma's only darling,
I suppose,
To her eye (it's not a pity)
Is as bright and fresh and pretty,
Is as cunning and as witty
As my rose.
Heavenly Father! spare them to us
Till life's close.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

[Rev. M. D. Conway, in a letter to the Boston *Commonwealth*, speaks of the way in which Carlyle received the pungent article on him in *The Atlantic Monthly*, by Rev. D. A. Wasson:]

"Meeting Mr. Thomas Carlyle the other evening he asked me if I knew who had written a letter to him in *The Atlantic Monthly*. I told him that it was Mr. David A. Wasson. 'And who is David A. Wasson at all?' Whereupon I told him the story of Mr. Wasson, and of his high position among the best thinkers and most faithful men in America; amongst other things, told him of a bright Summer's day which I had passed with him eight or nine years ago at his home in Groveland, Massachusetts, and how he stood in the woods and his face shone as he spoke of 'Sartor Resartus.' I have never seen Mr. Carlyle more interested in the account of any man. When I had finished speaking, he said: 'I can well believe all you tell me of him. I saw in that letter an honest, sturdy, violent man. But I am filled with wonder how such a man can lash himself into a fury about nothing at all. He even grudges a fellow his poor remnant of days.'

"Here one of his long and somewhat terrible laughs, with the cough at the end which makes one sorry. 'Coleridge,' he continued, 'pointed out to me in his works the meaning of the word *schwärmerei* as that peculiar kind of enthusiasm which comes of men heaping assent upon assent, until they *swarm* about a thing. You Americans seem to have this *schwärmerei* in abundance on this slavery question.' 'Undoubtedly,' I replied, 'we have not a thinker in America, except Mr. Hawthorne, who doesn't agree with Mr. Wasson.' Then followed an hour's conflict which I need not repeat; during all of which a voice whispered in my ear, 'To him who has loved much, much shall be forgiven.' When one meets Carlyle and converses with him, it is impossible not to love him; and his horrible expressions on this special perversity of his awaken not indignation, but pain."

The Friends of Africa.—A public meeting was held on Tuesday evening at the Congregational Chapel, Dulwich, convened by a number of gentlemen resident in the locality, who entertain the opinion that the only means by which the African slave trade can be entirely suppressed must be found in the establishment of a legitimate trade; and who are, consequently, anxious to develop the resources of the country, and especially to encourage the growth of cotton. Though the night was very wet, some six hundred people assembled. The Rev. J. W. Richardson, the minister of the place, took the chair, and warmly advocated the object in view. He was followed by Mr. William Craft, who in a long and interesting address, related the particulars of his recent visit to the King of Dahomey, and told of the willingness of his sable Majesty and of the chiefs of the country to stimulate the production of cotton for the European market. Mr. Craft said he was perfectly convinced that the king and the people of Dahomey did not hunt slaves and sell them out of love to the abominable system, but for profit, and that if the cotton trade should prove to be more advantageous to them they would gradually give up the inhuman traffic. He stated, moreover, that he had resolved to return to Dahomey to assist in bringing about the greatly to be desired change. At the close of Mr. Craft's address, Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C., M.P., moved a resolution thanking him for his speech, and pledging the meeting to give all the support in their power to his mission. Mr. Seymour strongly urged that it was the duty of the government to locate efficient consuls at every available place on the West Coast of Africa, to assist in developing legitimate trade. The Rev. Dr. Massie seconded and the Consul-General of Liberia and Mr. D. Chinnery supported it. The resolution was unanimously adopted, and the proceedings terminated.—*London Dial.*

One Drop of Balm.—It was a saying of the Duke of Wellington, that next to a defeat the saddest thing is victory. The horrors of the battle-field after the contest is over—the sights and sounds of woe—let me throw a pall over the scene—which no words can adequately depict to those who have not witnessed it; on which no one who has witnessed it, and who has a heart in his bosom, can bear to dwell. One drop of balm alone, one drop of heavenly, life-giving balm, mingles in this bitter cup of misery. Scarcely has the cannon ceased to roar, when the brethren and sisters of Christian benevolence, ministers of compassion, angels of pity hasten to the field and the hospital, to moisten the parched tongue, to bind the ghastly wounds, to soothe the parting agonies alike of friend and foe and to catch the last whispered messages of love from dying lips. "Carry this miniature back to my dear wife, but do not take it from my bosom till I am gone." "Tell my little sister not to grieve for me; I am willing to die for my country." "Oh, that my mother were here!" When, since Aaron stood between the living and the dead, was there ever a ministry like this? It has been said that it is characteristic of Americans to treat women with a deference not paid to them in any other country. I will not undertake to say whether this is so, but I will say that since this terrible war has been waged, the women of the loyal States, if never before, have entitled themselves to our highest admiration and gratitude, alike those who at home, often with fingers unused to the toil, often bowed beneath their own domestic cares, have performed an amount of daily labor not less than hers who works for her daily bread, and those who, in the hospital and the tent of the Sanitary Commission, have rendered services which millions could not buy. Happily the labor and the service are their own reward. Thousands of matrons and thousands of maidens have experienced a delight in these homely toils and services, compared with which the pleasures of the ball-room and the opera-house are tame and unsatisfactory. This on earth is reward enough, but a richer is in store for them. Yes, brothers, sisters of charity, while you bind up the wounds of the poor sufferers—the humblest perhaps that have shed their blood for the country—forget not who it is that will hereafter say to you, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*Everett's Address at Gettysburg.*

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